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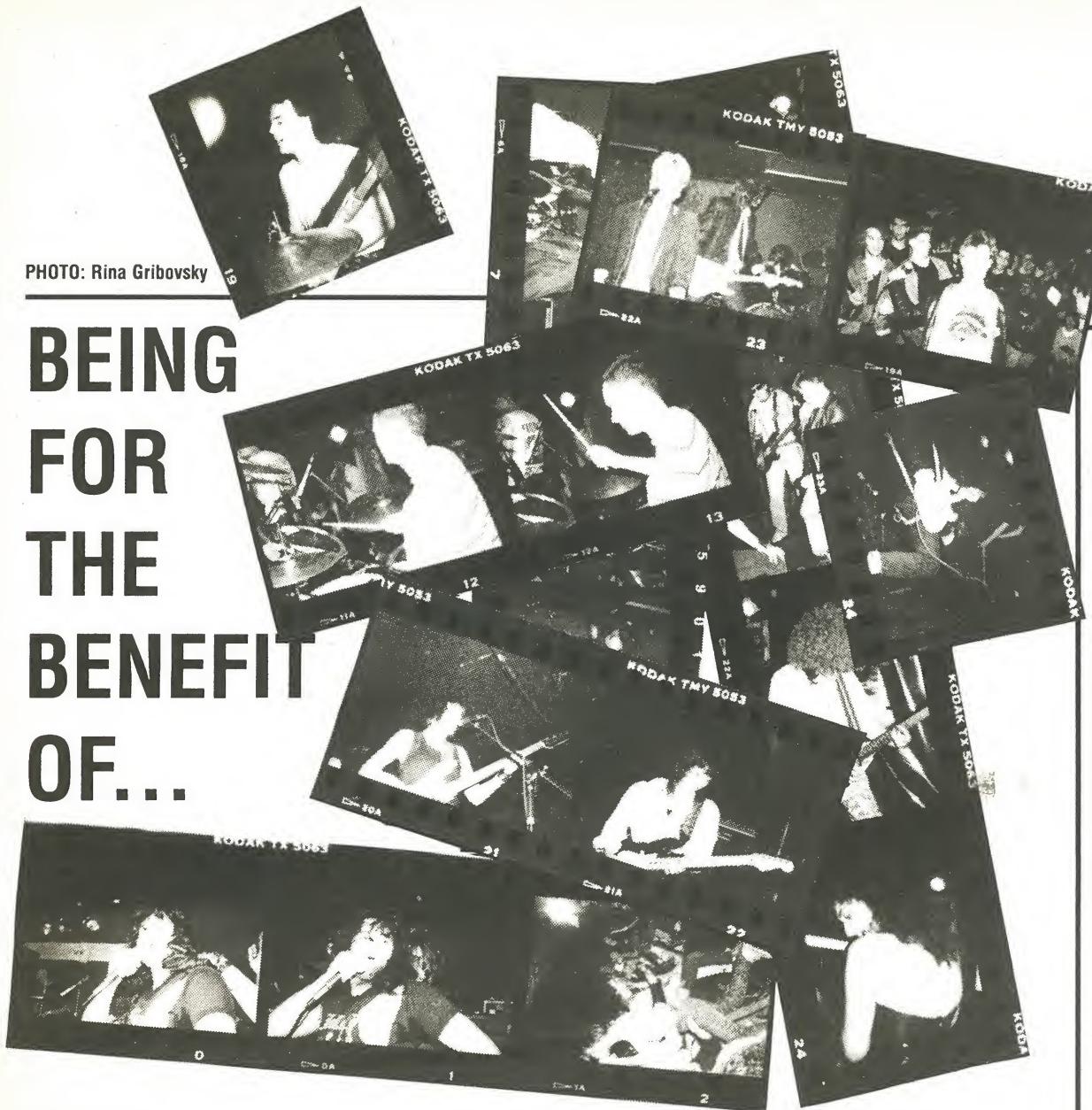
BÉRURIR NOIR

BIG

POGUES

PHOTO: Rina Gribovsky

BEING FOR THE BENEFIT OF...



So what's this big thing with Benefits all of a sudden?

I mean, everywhere you look, there's a Benefit For Something going on. Seems like it's happening every week. Now, aren't we taking things a little too far here—relying on bands' good natures to keep playing for free again and again and again. Some bands are already saying that enough is enough and they ain't playing for free anymore... If the rate of Benefits keeps on going there'll be fewer and fewer bands willing to play them.

Not that Benefit Concerts as such are a bad idea. There are always a lot of good causes that need the help and a lot of bands willing to support them. Montreal has had its fair share in the past—from the regular Amnesty International shows to 'Support the local scene' shows such as the Psyche-Industry Benefits and last year's RearGarde Benefit. It's a good way for bands to get exposure and work for a cause at the same time.

But nowadays everyone and their cousin has hooked onto the concept that local bands will pay for free and everyone is taking advantage of it. We end up with Benefits virtually every week and even one or two

nights over the past couple of months where we've had two benefits happening on the same evening.

This is alright for newer bands who need the exposure and the larger crowds that multi-band nights tend to draw. But more established bands are caught in a rut of having established themselves and still having to play for free all the time. Not that these bands are out there looking to make a killing every show, but there are expenses involved here—equipment, practice spaces, etc.—that can only be paid by cash gathered at shows. A free case of beer is nice, but it doesn't cover a band's costs. And playing a benefit or two in a month will prevent that band from playing a paying show, so they end up having to shell out their own money for the privilege of entertaining rubes like us.

This wouldn't be such a problem if Montreal wasn't currently suffering from a lack of local promoters. The problem here is that the Only big local shows being organized are benefits—there isn't a chance for bands to get in on an occasional multi-band event and pocket a little cash to help support them through free gigs.

Perhaps we're coming down to that legendary (around here, at least)

problem of the bands not doing enough for themselves and not organizing their own shows. But somehow being in a band is usually problems enough for anyone without trying to coordinate shows on top of that.

The folks who organized the Benefit for SOS Racism last month have a couple more up their sleeves including a Band Benefit where the bands who've been doing these benefits'll get a little money back. Nifty idea, we could use more thinking like that.

This isn't to say that bands should stop doing benefits—heck, there'll probably be another RearGarde Benefit sometime in the next couple of months. But promoters should realize that it costs money, not to mention time and effort, to be in a band. Maybe some of these folks who have gained experience in organizing shows could use that experience to book some concerts where the bands share in some of the loot.

The old cry of 'Support The Scene' too often seems to be directed at the bands themselves nowadays. Bands'll always be ready to support a cause, maybe it's time more people started trying to support the bands.

Paul Gott

EN GARDE

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REAR
GARDE

Number 32
April, 1989

Linotronic Output: Studio Apostrophe (523-2170)
Printing: Inter-Hauf Developments Inc. (385-4450)
RearGarde is published by Squishy Music, P.O.Box 1421, Station H, Montreal, Quebec,
H3G 2N4. (514) 483-5372.

We welcome submissions, letters, comments, articles, small gifts, large gifts and beer—especially beer. (preferably imported).

Published monthly on the 1st.
Out of town subscriptions: \$15 for one year.
For advertising call: (514) 483-5372.
Next Issue: May 1st.
Copy Deadline: April 18th!

Ad Deadline: April 24th.

RearGarde is funded in part by a grant from those happy folks down at the Jeunes Volontaires Program. And—have we mentioned it recently?—boy are we happy.

On the theory that you can't always be bright and cheery, we've got a little Bad News to start off this month's Banned Info—two of Montreal's longer-standing bands have bitten the proverbial Big One...

The Big Show In T.O.

By David James

No Mind have indeed lost their singer. Scott left after a grueling American tour.

During a NoMind gig at Anarbour, Michigan ex-Stooges drummer Scott Ashton showed up to celebrate his birthday, unfortunately no one else did and the gig was cancelled. Other than that the rest of the tour went well.

The band managed to break even while reaching into the deep south. But at the end of the tour Scott decided he'd had enough and split. However the band is definitely still together, looking forward to their next record and searching for a new singer.

Meanwhile they've found a mystery guest star to fill in for a gig at Lees' Palace opening for Dinosaur Jr. March 31st. The guest singer is unidentified and "maybe wearing a mask." Gosh, I wonder who it could be? Mickey DeSadist? Scott Cessena? Geddy Lee? The mind boggles.

But of course by the time you read this we'll already know.

(Yo folks. Us editorial folks somehow lost the rest of David's column. Hopefully it'll all be here next month—if he's still talking to us—ed.)

"Fail-Safe is no more," sez band ex-vocalist Iain. "I'm going full-time with Bliss and you'll probably hear some of Ewan's songs in a new band he's putting together. Peter is going on vacation. The second-coming of Giles just

wasn't enough—he's selling his guitar."

Meantime, Ewan's still drumming for the Ripcordz and if you want to hear any more Fail-Safe, they've got a track on the upcoming *En Garde* compilation. Their first (and evidently only) LP is almost sold out and there ain't goin to be no more pressed, so get out and grab one...

Gone Too Soon Department: The second band to call it quits is SCUM who, after many personnel changes, have decided to disband with some members forming a new band called Paradox.

"We don't want to be billed as ex-SCUM, and we don't want to cash in as an 'ex-SCUM' band; we want it to be a total break," says Georges, ex of SCUM. "Paradox is a new band with new people and new influences."

He describes the new band as following some of the influences that that other band tried in its dying days: "It's a continuation of our direction towards progressive power metal," he sez. "It's not speed metal—we don't consider power to be linked to speed. We're aiming for the power of Sabbath, the melodies of Maiden and the progres-



The Wanted.

PHOTO: Rina Gribovsky

siveness of Metallica." Oboys...

Colourful New Band In Town: Out with the old, in with the new: High Yellow are a bunch of foreigners (from Paris, San Francisco, the American East Coast and Toronto) who've set down for a spell in Montreal. "We're basically a funk band, though we do have a few speed-core tendencies, but we're definitely not speed-metal," says drummer Terry, referring to the billings the band has been getting recently with 'corester bands. "I guess you could call the music psychedelic ultra-funk."

He lists band influences as includin the Chili Peppers and Fishbone, with healthy sprinkling of Jimi Hendrix-like guitar leads. The songs are heavy o rhythm and the band is heavy on movement, coming complete with dancer on stage and a psychedelic backdrop

The band's planning a lot of show in the city (three this month) as well as some T.O. and Ottawa gigs, but the ain't putting down any permanent root here. "I just moved here to be with m girlfriend and to do some work I wa offered," says Terry. "We're thinkin

L E T T E R S

March issue a bust

To the editors:

So what's going on guys?! Has *RearGarde* turned into a "men's magazine"? Marylin Monroe on the cover is one thing, but a could be porn star gazing lustily at us all from the lower left hand corner of the March cover is quite another. A lingerie clad Lydia Lunch shot used to decorate the cover; a busty tart being attacked by Rocktopus on page 7, and the class ads guitar maiden were the only images of women in the entire March issue. Is *RearGarde* aiming solely for a male audience? I feel alienated when confronted with women in those "fuck me" poses. It's easy to grab people's attention by using semi-pornographic images of women. If I wanted to be assaulted by such images, I'd take a walk down St Catherine or subscribe to *Allo Police*. I expect a little more when I pick up *RearGarde*.

Sara Morley

(Marylin is a magazine mascot, the Rocktopus babe is part of the band's image—judge them by it, not us, and we feel that Lydia Lunch is a fine example for girls and boys everywhere, breasts or no breasts. We're not a Men's magazine or a Women's magazine, we're a rock 'n roll magazine for discriminating boys and girls—ed.)

We asked for it

To the editors:

I never imagined that it would come

to this—letter writing to *RearGarde*. This is going to hurt me more than it hurts you. Here it goes.

Warren Campbell's editorial (issue #30) was wonderfully wicked, and the lack of reaction thus far is a festering shame to all of us. In my opinion there are two worthy ways to deal with such a sordid situation. You either continue to do what Mr. "Wonderfully Wicked" Campbell tried to do, or pay one of your writers to yelp from a roof-top every night, "Somebody shoot that poor moose!", while writing their articles about the scene.

No matter how much of a prime mover *RearGarde* is to what's left of the Montreal alternative music scene, it is also seriously subject to the inter-relational mode of being which this stagnant scene has on it. Put it this way, we're all in deep sorry shit because something we can't get our hands on properly is unhealthy and degenerating.

As far as I can figure, the problem continues to be relational. It lies in what goes on, or doesn't go on between bands, the public, and of course the media. They each make up a self-centered "conscience" (meaning at root: "to know together") which simply ends up fucking itself in circles by a refusal to challenge its own contradictions squarely, and by a brilliant denial to deal with others with new energy and insight/outsight. Ah, fuck that theory shit, it's always more complicated than it seems.

All I really wanted to say was that *RearGarde* should speak up more often about the misguided energy soaring helplessly in clubs across town and on in the air as well—get my drift.

RearGarde's license, as far as I remember, was never to just report happenings, but to have a direct posi-

tive effect on the alternative music scene by having people in the scene write vibrant reviews filled with powerful well thought-out opinions, and equally interesting articles and columns just so as to keep things hopping with lively debate, growth and FUN! *RearGarde* is growing, watch the fertilizer!

With love from another time,

Rob

(Huh?—ed.)

A love letter

Dear Mr Wonderful:

I didn't know you had such an ego. When we talked over the phone, I thought you knew how much I love your work and didn't think I would have to rewrite and thank you. So if you are so insecure of my love for you, this is a note to say thanks.

I love you,

Chico

Stirred, not shaken

Dear Paul:

You've finally stirred me up enough to write. This letter regards the editorial done by Mr Wonderful. I thought it had some exceedingly redeemable qualities, as does most of Warren's work.

As a player in Montreal bands for the past four years, I have to agree with him in that most Montreal bands do not do enough for themselves about promoting themselves outside this city, province, or country. By not touring, a band cannot learn to live with themselves (a rather large feat in itself), and therefore



really become a group with at least some kind of bonding (or binding) mechanism that makes them a bonafide musical force.

As I leave for my 10 to 5 job I know that I don't have to look at these people at least until next practise. If the vibes were not "wonderful" at the end of that practise there's plenty of time to heal those wounds. However, as in any relationship that is worthwhile and fruitful, communication is a must. That communication suffers when you know that you're not really going to see each

other all that much. So it is easy to let those little things slide until what you've got is four or six pissed off people, and one day, no band (as has become the fortune of many good bands in this city).

Anyway, sorry about that serious run on sentence, I don't type a lot. I kind of tried to fix it.

Everyone's idea of success is different, but, I haven't met a lot of bands in this business solely to keep playing in any of the smaller clubs in this city and see their name every once in a while in Warren's column or Jenny Ross'.

Ahhhhh to be discovered...

Anyway, the road—although all the rotten things (no money, shitty accommodations, middle of nowhere etc.) are present—does, I believe strengthen a musical unit. And, if it doesn't ruin the whole thing, will make it a much more serious product, both creatively and marketably.

P.S. The mag looks better all the time. Let Warren do another editorial. No offence Paul, just for a change.

Sincerely,
David Arden

Reviewer was asleep

Dear Paul,

At the risk of sounding frustrated, let me get something clear. We don't mind bad reviews, we were expecting them from *RearGarde*... but please let Meliss know that there isn't a keyboard player in Dreamlandscape and that today hearing aids are efficient and come in all sorts of fashion designs.

Live,
Dreamlandscape

about moving south sometime next year with the band."

Ah yes, the land of milk, honey and record companies with balls...

Any Aspiring Artists Out There?

Department: The Asexuals new LP is all recorded and pressed and everything. Well, not quite everything... they're still arguing about a cover. Anyone with a brilliant LP design should let us know and we'll let the band know and then everyone'll be able to hear the thing...

More Vinyl All The Time
Department: The Northern Vultures



FAILSAFE.

PHOTO: Derek Lebrero

have a record release party scheduled for Foufounes on the 13th. Odds are the record—a four-song mini-LP should be there as well, breaking a long-standing Montreal streak of records missing their own parties (...just where is that Condition LP anyways?, but I digress).

"We have the sleeves, and we have the lyric sheets," says Vultures' vocalist Beans. "And the record should be out a week before the show, but we're keeping it in the basement until the launch." The EP'll feature *Cosmetics Decuticized*, *Liberty Hyenas*, *Life and Times of Winston Smith* and their big single *Rise Up* which has been getting extensive airplay on all the best radio shows in town...

Have We Mentioned That Haircut Recently? **Department:** Corpusse has finally broken the ice and got some local gigs lined up at the Tycoon. That long-rumoured 45 should also be recorded shortly according to John and—wait for it—the band'll soon be doubling its membership.

"Yeah, a drummer is on the way," says John. "All he has to do is get some drums." Yeah, well that does help... "We should eventually get a third member, but I'm not worried about that yet," he adds. That's a My Dog Popper attitude to band membership isn't it?...

Musica Musica Musica: More shtuff is being launched at Foufounes



Montreal's biggest and bestest alternative club is getting bigger and better still. I don't know if you've noticed but there have been a great deal of changes at Foufounes over the last year and the final stages of the renovations are fast approaching completion. In fact all should be ready for the May 2nd Foufounes like a Virgin 6th Anniversary Party.

So what heck is going on in there? Dan Webster, the chap who books Foufounes, gives the following info.

The new capacity for the club is now at around four-hundred and fourteen, this because of the new balcony which overlooks the stage. By the way bleachers will be set-up there shortly, offering choice views of your favourite bands. But there's more, a new terrace will also be opening beside the Gallery between Foufounes and Club Metropolis. When that section opens capacity will be over one thousand. Pretty impressive huh?

There are tons of other neat things happening, seven new women toilets and four urinals and toilets for men is one of my favs. They're putting in a second pool table, there's a new bar upstairs, new windows and lots of room.

Of course, the side effect of all this, is bigger shows. You know, more multi-band shows. To accommodate the greater number of loud bands, etc. they have installed a new sound system. Yes...it's a four-way sound system built especially for the club. Think of it 6000 watts, that-a-way to thrash your brains out.

So now you have a Foufounes to make everybody happy, with an Art Gallery, a showcase room, the old bar and the all new balcony. Enjoy.

MORE RECORD BIZ PROPAGANDA

"We did a lot better than we expected. We didn't have as much chance to do the tourist thing this time because we were so busy," says Gerard of Deja Voodoo's recent European vaca—I mean, tour. "In fact, we're going back in July and August to Finland, Sweden, Germany, Switzerland and Yugoslavia—if it's still there."

Since they're back in town, they're back behind the desks of OG records and basically being very busy. Four albums have just been released by the company—UIC Live, Captain Crunch and Let's Do Lunch, the new Dik Van Dykes LP and the What Wave compilation—and there are more on the way.

"Yeah, we've got another *It Came From Canada* on the way so hey, all you bands out there, etcetera etcetera etcetera," says Gerard. "Actually we've been getting some really good tapes but it should be a while before we put it out. We don't want to release two compilations too close to each other and we also learned last year that putting out albums in early summer is a huge mistake."

Other stuff from the OG basement include an upcoming Bagg Team mini-LP and a House of Knives record: "The House of Knives might end up being the world's longest EP," says Gerard. "They've got about 15 songs so far, but the songs are short—shorter than Voodoo."

Voodoo should also be playing with an old Montreal Punk band, Ulterior Motive, in May. "They're reuniting—they're all businessmen now but they really rock out," says Mr. G. "They sound kind of like the Cramps with David Byrne singing. It's scary."

Finally, they've located a pressing plant that'll produce as few as 500 albums, so they can afford to put out less successful bands without going broke. Plus they're getting into licensing foreign product for Canadian production.

And then they're going back to Finland.



"What do you mean—I still owe you for those ads?" PHOTO: Shawn Scallen



BANNED INFO

this month (and I don't mean your friend's dinner all over your party shoes). The **Urban Bushmen** are launching a four-song cassette on the 16th.

"A couple of tunes were done at the McGill studios last year and the bit this year was done kind of here and there. Well, at a place we call the



Medusa's Raft
PHOTO: Shawn Scallen

Capital Punishment

By John Sekera

That's %\$#@*%#\$ Incredible!!!

Dan Allen's gonna fling himself from a bridge and do the latest bungee chord bit. There's also gonna be a bit of hand gliding involved. And all this just for a video for his all-in-the-family group Scarlett Drops. Did I mention how much I dug their last tape *God is an Aardvark*? I didn't think they could chug that way. And just to prove me wrong once again, they'll be back with a summer cassette release (if Dan's bungee chord holds out).

A new cassette is also due from Fat Man Waving. Rebecca Campbell of Black Donelly and (gasp) Jane Siberry fame, is the head wailer for this combo. Thangs'll probably take off for 'em so I need not go on.

The cassette business goes ditto for Preison Shade. They've dumped the keyboards, picked up a stack of guitars and done the Moev thing.

Alright let's throw some new names at ya: Medusa's Raft and Things Fall Apart, numbers one and two respectively, at the recent Battle of the University Bands at Carlton (yeah those things still take place.) The former, as opposed to the latter, get free recording time at Ambience Studios for comin' up on top. Dunno if that's good or bad, 'cause I ain't heard 'em yet. The latter, as opposed to the former, have a new cassette handy and it's damn entertaining. But not half as entertaining as their multi-media live shows. If you like pop, as in XTC and the such, you might wanna thumb down in June for a gig at the Downstairs club.

Well place my hands over my eyes, I wuz dead on.

The Amnesty International show was a resounding success with oodles of folk turning out to catch lotsa music. Thanks to Bliss for comin' in from Montreal (say have you seen the movie? Uh, that's another story). Grave Concern's Warren Peace and his lovely voodoo masks made the eve. Concern's big skateshow with NoMeansNo and Anal Shinook was abruptly canned. Rumour has the cops with a big thumb in this pie, but you didn't hear it here, okay?

That was supposed to be an all ages show and I guess the locals got a bit uppty envisioning a bunch of teenage rioters devouring the town. They'll be sweatin' again' on the 8th of April when the Violent Femmes come a callin'. If yer under the age of reason, c'mon down and jig with the bureaucrats.

Time for Saturday Night Alive update. U.I.C. are slated for the second weekend of April (at Roosters). I always get the dates wrong so you figure it out. The last Alive brought back the long deceased Desmonds. Dunno why these guys disappeared, but here's hopin' for more gigs and maybe a tape so's we can spread the gospel.

George Striker (with his mammoth hair) and a new band of Bandits opened for Joe Ely the other day (the other week to you). An LP and a college tour are to follow (if they can get a trailer to haul George's hair care products).

Another couple of records are gonna be flung at the unsuspecting public in the near future. The Trapt are issuing a 4-track single which'll be followed by a 14 song summer-fun Beach Boy-tribute album (don't go quotin' me on that one).

Gotta go and dig for my old bell bottoms 'cause it's time for the 2nd annual Dancing Fool Party at Club Zinc. It's too late for you guys, but circle next March for the third instalment. Hope mom didn't throw out those groovy platforms.

6



won't be doing too many live shows in the city for the next little while. In fact, they've only got one planned for the rest of the Summer...

Back From The Boonies Department: Back together again and practicing since the beginning of March are our own **Alternative Inuit**. "We're rewriting songs and trying to remember the old tunes," says Drew, referring to the band's long six-month break. "We're also tentatively working with a second guitarist. He's unnamed for now—it's up to him if he wants to continue with the band or not."

The band'll begin doing shows again this month or next and are looking to record again this summer as well as doing more extensive touring. Or, actually, any touring. "We hope to do weekend trips to Sherbrooke, Quebec City and to Southern Ontario—we want to do more," says Drew. "In fact, you should give out my number—(514) 697-0738—so maybe someone out there'll book us."

What? Give out phone numbers? What are we, some sort of publicity gimmick? Forget it.

Finally, the Miscellaneous Publications Department: A couple of 'zines for ya this time around: **Uncle Fester** is a magazine coming out of Minneapolis with a heavy leaning towards Sound of 77 stuff. Needless to say, that makes it a personal favourite. The (latest?) issue we got a hold of is number 14 and includes interviews with the Ramones, Gang Green, Del Lords, Naked Raygun, GG Allin, Genocide, Splatcats, Leaving Trains and the Godfathers together with a load of record reviews and other tidbits.

Really well put together with staples and everything (hey, now that's an interesting idea), it's on nice paper (hey, now that's an interesting idea) and it costs two bucks (U.S.) post-paid (hey, now that's a really interesting idea). Send your hard-earned cash to **Fester Publications**, 2235 France Ave. So., Minneapolis, MN, USA 55416.

A little closer to home (like, the backyard, y'know) we have the first issue of **Stage Dive** magazine, devoted to covering the 'Quebec scene.' The scene they're covering is basically the speed-metal, thrash, 'corester bands including 11 interviews this time around with bands like DBC, BARF, Genetic Error and the Infamous Bastards. It could use a little work on the production end to make it a little more attractive, but they do have staples, nice paper and a two-colour cover.

A really nifty little mag, I'm kind of curious who they're going to interview for their second and third issues after hitting up so many of the bands for this one. Oh, if you're totally illiterate in French like I am you might have a little difficulty in reading **Stage Dive** cos it's written entirely in Bob Bourassa's favourite language. Copies are available for \$3 from Eric "Gag" Galy, 4023 Claude, Verdun, Quebec, H4G 1H4.

That's it for this month. As always, Banned Info was compiled from the RearGarde wired services by Paul Gott and J.D. Head. If you have some propaganda you'd like to impart, send it down to us at P.O. Box 1421, Station H, Montreal, H3G 2N4. Or give us a call at (514) 483-5372 and leave a message. Bye.

Dungeon in NDG," says Patrick. "It started off being a demo and then we figured it would be a good outlet for people to hear the band. Now it's primarily for sale."

The band's looking forward to their launch at a nice stable club, says Patrick. "The last two places we had gigs set up in closed before we had a chance to play them, so I'm beginning to think we have some sort of magic touch or something." Yeah, maybe we could book them for a week at the Peel Pub and... Nah, we'd never get that lucky...

SC.U.M. Rise To The Surface Department: The Wanted now have Dave from SCUM on drums after Colin left to play with Bliss on a full-time basis. The band is planning a mini mid-West 16-day tour at the end of the month on the old (but valid) theory that if you make it in the States everyone'll love you back home...

"You have to leave Montreal and come back a hero before anybody'll like you," says Simon. "Nobody here wants to be a trend-setter..."

The Drones are in Toronto on the 8th with the Asexuals and they're also playing one last University gig (at Concordia) before summer vacation. "Dave—our singer—now plays guitar and it gives the music that extra drive," says Mike. "The first show with two guitars was at McGill last month and it should help the sound as long as we don't break too many strings." The Drones, of course, entered the Guinness Book Of World Records at the McGill show by breaking three guitar strings after only about two minutes of playing...

What's In A Name Department:

Bliss will have recorded a four or five song demo at the CRSG studios by the time we get around to printing this. "We gave ourselves a budget—as much as we can record in five hours," says vocalist Iain. And the band's playing the ol' southern Ontario circuit at the end of the month, the Maritimes in May and—the highlight of it all—Sherbrooke. Busy busy busy...

"We're also booking our 'Icky Wormy Tour '89'. We're getting a van and everything," says Iain. "Yep, the future's so bright we gotta wear shades."

Yet More Cassette Madness Department: Groovy Aardvark are all out of their 4-song cassette, having sold 500 in less than a month, including 80 at the Spectrum show. "Now we're just waiting for a record deal to put us on the map," says Mark. "We've got some offers from independents, but we're waiting for all the responses before we make a decision. We don't expect to make a lot of money, we just want to get good exposure and enough money to record a good product."

Meantime, the band's caught that old 'over-playing the burg' bug and

T.O. INFO

unmixed tracks, the Link boys seem destined for something big. Word has it one song will contain nine, count 'em, nine separate guitar tracks. Even those most skeptical of Missing Link will have no choice but to be impressed I'm sure.

Old Timers Part 1: Was long time Toronto punk personality, aspiring politico, **Bunchofuckingoofs** frontman, all around nice guy, (not to mention world's biggest **Fear** fan) **Crazy Steve Johnsonz** seen feeling the tug of old man time's strings at **Lee's Palace** recently? Sample conversation that took place between Steve and some guy:

Steve: Is that a **Fear** shirt your wearing?

Guy: No, actually I'm too young to own a **Fear** t-shirt.

Steve: On my thirty first birthday you sure know how to make a guy feel old.

Happy Birthday Steve.

Star Search (Old Timers Part 2): The **Paddock** is not considered one of Toronto's hotbeds for independent music even though it rests upon that hole in the ground, the **Slither**. The best you'll get there is a cheap draft, pickled eggs and a band that thinks it's still 1959. But if you look hard enough you might recognize some faces. Someone spotted **Keith Whittaker** of the beyond legendary Demics sapping on some draft. This guy penned possibly the best punk tune ever, **New York**

City so I had to buy him a beer to show my respect and undying gratitude to this man for recording that song. I was so excited I spilled it on him. No joke.

More Questions: Does Sketch Records actually sell records? Or does owner **John Bil** maintain the store for the sole purpose of entertaining local hardcore celebs who like to dabble in Scrabble. Seems that of late, the growingly infamous evil house of records has been turned into a drop-in centre for those wishing to flaunt their corpulent vocabularies. Word has it that some Scrabble sessions have extended way beyond closing time and into the wee hours. Notables at a recent killer three-way included none other than kingpin **Bil**, facing off with **Sudden Impact**, **Steve Milo** and ex-**Youth Youth** frontman you know who. We won smash any egos and tell you who finished last. And yes, **Oblast** is a word.

Minor Threatening: Seems that some local fanzine editor received rather demanding letter recently. reads: "...if you ever want to see the man in your 'worth your while' section again, then send me both (**Minor Threat**) singles. I won't settle for a Australian gatefold numbered single colour vinyl reissue. I've got him her I swear, you've got two weeks." The man in reference is none other than **Steve-O** of **Sudden Impact**. **Julio Mendoza** sounds serious, but who willing to dish out the singles? Who this Julio Mendoza anyway? The return address and postmark suggest certain Montreal celeb is behind these dirty dealings. The smart money says that Julio is none other than **Rise John Pastrami**. Has anyone bothered to call Interpol?

Questions: Is Chris ex-Son of Happy working on something called **Hi Dummy**? Are members of **MS Five Foot Nothing**, and **Missing Link** going to play musical chairs getting together for something called **Stuff**? John Belushi really dead? Or is he alive, well and playing in Montreal **Schlunk**? Were **Mal Havoc**, (a James of), two years ahead of everybody doing new **Ministry** before even **Ministry** did? Will anybody ever know? Will the records ever be released? Who is nobody asking?

You Tell Me: Is hogtown's seemingly untouchable weekly entertainment/left-is-best rag **Now** thinking changing its name to... **Then**? If not, then they should give it some serious thought. This issue they reviewed the **Suicidal Tendencies**, **Rapeman** and **Heik and the Shakes** vinyl. Yeah, right!

Answers: Yes, Virginia's answer **Kiss**, the notorious **Gwar**, are real human. The singer, **Oderus Grung** was seen after the show sans costume. And he had a hard-on. So now you know.

Nashville Uber Allies: Transplanting themselves from Hamburg, Germany to Toronto, **Rumble On The Beach** insist on playing foot-tapping home rock and roll. They do quite well, but the vocalists between song banter complete with German accent brings interesting thoughts to my head. Like, perhaps somewhere in Berlin there's a bar from Alabama playing **Kraftwerk** covers. What a horrible thought.

Compiled once again by Rob Bo and J. Sinkevicius.

Gods of the Hammer Again

By B.F. "Mole" Mowat

Things are happenin' in a major way in this part of the country...

To start with: **Hut Museum** have finished their LP, recorded at Zuna Studios under the watchful ear of Earl Lundy (he of **Shot Before Dawn** fame). **Shot Before Dawn** are themselves planning to commence work on their own project.

The **Dik Van Dykes** got their LP finally and also took the time to release a cassette version of same (something more indie bands should do). Some of the references on the LP are somewhat ambiguous if you're a non-Hammerite. Concerned parties can send a S.A.S.E. and \$1 c/o this mag for a complete rundown on those obscure references.

Sister Dude Ranch would like to thank both of the people who sent in their "Drive for Drums" campaign (of last-ish).

Tom Dertinger will be running a spring/summer series of alternative concerts, for more info call (416) 523-8620.

The **Hated Uncles** have released a tape of poetry with music. This item is actually better than the description given, 'cause it's wild boffo-verbal stuff with way wacky accompaniment. John Harvey of the **Hated Uncles** has had stuff published with gnarly U.S. alternative press vehicles. They rule, OK?

The following bands are still in existence: **Odd Fellows** (very receptive to my malingering), **Crawl Daddies**, **Crimson Jimson**, **Munday Nuns** (with various tapes, appearances, etc.), **Brawldaws**, **Cockleshell Heroes** (both opened for the **Dik Van Dykes** LP release party) and of course **Disaster Area**.

Especially "existant" are the old Rock'n'Roll troopers, e.g. the **Floral Arrangers** aka the **Florida Razors**, who now feature the god-like talent of Rick Miles on bass. Rick is rumoured to be compiling a book of Canadian Rock'n'Roll road stories that would make Ms. Pamela Des Barres blush. Segments of this forthcoming book may be published in these very pages, if the editors feel up to it. (*Sure, heck, no one can sue us, we don't have any cash*—ed.) Especially poignant are the Northern Ontario segments.... wah hah.

Recently, the long dormant **Simply Saucer** recordings, recorded in July '74, were re-equalized and transferred to digital format for possible release as archival material. Plans to do the same for the '75 live material (recorded on the top of Jackson Square) are also on tap. **Simply Saucer** were a way-ahead-of-their-time combo that never got due recognition in their lifespan ('74-'79), possibly because the combination of original material based on now taken for granted influence protoplasm (e.g. **Velvet Underground**, **Syd Barrett**, **Pink Fairies**, **Kinks**, **Faust**, **Stooges**, etc.) and a very anti-trendoid image prevented them from making inroads on the T.O. club scene-hoppers very wee minds. However, over the years such wise people as **Imants Krumins** (aka **Mat Manra**), **Chris Stigliano** (**Black to Comm nee Phuud!** fanzine) and **Byron Coley** (**Forced Exposure/Spin**) have barked the praises of the **Saucer**, and now it looks like the rest of the slow world will too. **Edge Breau**, the leader of the **Saucer** is also planning a solo semi-acoustic project for release later this year.

This column would like to say a big "Hi" to **Steve Parks** (ex-Saucer guitarist '76-'79), now living in Montreal, **Heather Holmes**, along with **David "Zip" Liss** and tons of other PQ-based friends... Be cool but don't freeze.

DEAD MILKMEN

by Warren "Mr. Wonderful" Campbell

Some people (including the Dead Milkmen) are going to hate me for this. THE DEAD MILKMEN ARE THE BEST FUCKIN' HARDCORE BAND AROUND TODAY.

The reason people are going to hate me for that statement is because a lot of people just don't think of them as a hardcore band. But almost all Hardcore today is just a bunch of young bands regurgitating Aerosmith songs and acting so serious about their clothes and images they lose all sense of how fun their music can be.

The Dead Milkmen don't seem to have fallen into that trap. In fact they seem to have become the antithesis of all these young bands with their designer skateboards.

In mid-March, Philadelphia's finest rolled into town to prove that their city should be known for more than cream cheese. The Dead Milkmen played one sell-out show at Foufounes. Most that were there would probably agree that this quartet's debut in Montreal was, if not great then at least surprising beyond all expectations.

This night they mocked bands such as the Who, Crosby, Stills & Nash, Steppenwolf and the Butthole Surfers. All the while they grinded out over an hour of raunchy rock 'n' roll that was reminiscent of old Black Flag and Dead Kennedy's shows. With his flailing arms, boundless energy and odd sense of humour, Dead Milkmen lead singer Rodney Anonymous brought back memories of the first time I saw Jello Biafra here in Montreal.

Before the show I was upstairs at the club trying to accomplish an interview with the band but due to time limitations and their previous interview commit-



ments (stay tuned for that story) my talk with them was restricted to an all too short ten minutes.

When I started the interview with my killer question about how most people I know had heard of the Dead Milkmen, this is including people whose musical base begins and ends with Rick Astley, Kylie Minogue and whatever else is on Musique Plus that week. The band seemed to know what I was talking about. "We dress in regular clothes," explains the bassist Dave (on the albums he might have a different name but that's the name he gave me for this interview). "We just don't come across as being rock-star like or some heavy underground thing that you gotta be really smart or really hip to like. Anyone can like us."

The Milkmen even approached the subject, like their music, with a good sense of humour. "We even attract people to our shows that we don't want to like us," explains lead singer and chief mouth Anonymous. When I tried to find out if this meant bill collectors and encyclopedia salesman, Anonymous came back with "No, like somebody who has all the Asia albums." At that point Dave admitted he had one of their albums but he uses it as an ashtray.

Actually Mr. Anonymous had an explanation for the Dead Milkmen's name being pretty well known. "We're so interested in fame that we go to people's houses and pull guns on people and make them listen to our music." I told him that would explain why so many people have heard of them, to which he responded with "notice they always say 'I know,' never 'I like.'"

An obvious question was how did the Dead Milkmen get their name, unfortunately it's no great story. "Joe (who is really Jasper, the guitarist) was in a bathtub," explains Dave, "and he had a fever and he was sort of hallucinating and he just came up with it."

I mentioned to Anonymous that the name always conjures up memories of that Monty Python skit where the milkman rings the bell only to have a tall woman in a sexy negligee answer the door. The milkman follows the lady up to her bedroom only to enter the room and meet about a dozen other milkmen trapped for eternity. Anonymous mumbled some sort of response, something like "ya we know, we get that, but what we also hear is that there's some book out there with a character in it named Milkman Dead."

They seemed to be pretty aware of the language situation. I say 'pretty aware' only because they even knew there was a language situation, not bad for a band from Philadelphia.

Anonymous's suggestion was that everybody speak German in Quebec, which he proceeded to do for the next couple sentences. I still don't know if that was German or Gibberish.

In the past six years they have released four albums and one EP and have had their problems in their hometown. We didn't go into detail but apparently not until national exposure rebounded back to Philadelphia did the Dead Milkmen gain some respect in their own backyard. "Cities that are now successful for us," says Dave, "Are cities such as Boston, Chicago, St. Louis, San Francisco, New York and now finally Los Angeles."

After hearing the song *Punk Rock Girl* from their most recent album and then seeing the crowd reaction to that song I have a strange suspicion that the Dead Milkmen are capable of a major hit. If not a novelty, then a serious song that'll start with major airplay on campus stations and then spread to mainstream stations. Something like Mojo Nixon's *Elvis Is Everywhere*.

Thinking of one of their older songs (*The Thing That Eats Hippies*) I asked if there ever was a thing that ate hippies.

No, they've never had one, but the band did get around to talking about whether they've had props. "No we've never used props but if we ever played large stadiums I would like to use lots of bad props and tons of lights, all the same colour," jokes Anonymous.

"Ya, if we ever got to the point of playing larger stadiums I could see us choreographing stuff like us running around and running into each other," adds Dave.

They seemed kinda split on whether they would want to get to that stage of playing those stadium shows. Dave was on the negative side and said "a big show for us would be like mailing it in because you're really playing to so few people."

For a band on the road they seemed to be rather subdued compared to most bands I've interviewed. Before the show they were one of the few bands that have shunned large amounts of beer and this no doubt pleased the club plenty.

The four members of the band seemed to be happy just drinking fruit juices and knocking off the some interview commitments. The manic one (singer, Rodney Anonymous) spent his time pacing the top floor of the Foufounes and checking out the drill press and machinery up there. He did mention something about some home projects he would have liked to have finished.

On the road they have run into some interesting opening bands. "We get all types, we get bad Paisley bands, metal bands, it might even be guys dressed all in black with synthesizers," says Anonymous. He explains the reason for this variety as "In some of these small towns they have to dig up the most 'Punk' band they can find."

The Dead Milkmen have had more than their share of publicity but a couple years ago they made the Sports pages. The story is that there was this young

baseball player who came up with the Detroit Tigers named Jim Walewander and he was a big fan of the Dead Milkmen. None of the sports media knew who they were so of course the sheer novelty of the name got them lots of exposure.

Since that time Walewander has met the band and stayed in contact with them. All the band would really say about him is that "he's a nice guy" and "he's not very tall, that's good." Oh yeah, these guys are all short.

Walewander once took the band into the dugout before a game and when they were recounting this story to me they seemed to be more excited about having met the Tigers manager Sparky Anderson. All he said to them was "Who are these guys?" Anderson is part of the Baseball establishment and his tastes in music run no further than Country music. Also I don't think the video for *Punk Rock Girl* had been released yet.

Now for my story about their previous interview commitments. After my quick ten minutes with the band, three girls from CIRL came in and tried to knock off their interview for radio airplay. I don't think too much of what was said will make it on to the air as all they did was laugh and listen to Mr. Anonymous speak in German and tell stories about George Bush and Dan Quayle. Because of this the girls had to scrap their pre-prepared questions and basically wing it. Which might not have been so bad when you consider the only question they got off was "Does the ease into which fiction is transformed into reality scare you?"

Hopefully next time the band makes it around they'll have more time to chat and play.



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9



D.B.C.

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by Jenny Ross

This survey has been scientifically abulated, painstakingly compiled: 2 weeks, 102 bands; from 84 journalists, DJs, musicians, promoters, editors, managers, bookers sources reputable and disreputable. Victims were collared on the street, public transit, at gigs, work, in the phone, signing autographs, indeed—there was no escape. This year there'll be no hurt feelings, guilt, public insults due to omissions. With elections in the states, Canada, Israel, France, Iaiti, Burma, Mexico, Pakistan, etc., with more polls here than in all of Krakow, it's democracy in action. The exigencies of psycho-history (Asimov) demand it. Heisenbergian effects notwithstanding. Our survey says...

(1) US! (356 points) cause it's us. Monumental body of work. Dead, dead, dead, like nothing on earth, we're metal/jazz/rock fusion, eclectic fun, always the same, versatile, clean crisp punk, no echo shit, new Greek guy plays greatiousaka guitar, particularly groovy, less lousy, more Stones, pretty hardcore, ke garbage.

(2) Our friends! (298) Cause my brother's in it, guitarist is hot, I dunno, he plays with a distortion pedal, great go and really cool t-shirt, I'm their



THE DOUGHBOYS.

manager and they'll kill me if I don't say it, Chris works for Graffiti and we have to support our own, Kelly likes to tackle me, Pete's an alcoholic, Chris still doesn't know the words, do a lot for leukemia research, one of my idols, they're cool. Psychedelic Zappa rock,

get across the American border, like the Anti-Christ (Uncle Christ?), a foreigner's interpretation of hardcore.

(6) DBC (134) They rule. Jeff's the best fucking drummer on Vaseline in the city, progressive, talk too much. Speedmetal with actual riffs, vicious,

brutal, like Slayer, aggressive, like Motorhead, insectoids.

(7a) Asexuals (126) Hang around long enough you become friends, they're mobile, I discovered them, they're from the West Island—the breeding ground for the most exciting bands in Canada (*someone find that person a doctor—ed.*), when Sean plays guitar he looks like he's masturbating. They burn on

People from Hell, even funnier than Michel Rivard. Song about Get Smart, Cramps without style.

(8) Nils (121) Because of their reckless abandon, obnoxious, Alex is a great little songwriter, noses bigger than mine, Spedding sound. Like the Doughboys, melodic, refined themselves, train wreck, amps bigger than they are, fast, raw.

(9a) Gruesomes (110) Funny, dress well, mid-60s sound, still owe me 50 bucks, too ugly to mention, nice-looking girls come to their shows. Like hairy a go-go's, like everyone says they do, like exactly who they are, garagern'b punk, like too many bowls of fruit-loops, kitsch pas

kétaire, fourth-rate version of a third rate version of the Pretty Things.

(9b) I'm Not Home (110) Popular with rich and poor alike, has a message. Techno-pop; industrial, house, a capella atonal, absurd lyrics, electronic.

(10) Three O'Clock Train Because they were good. Mac's Train of Thought, great songwriter. Like Stones, real drunk Merle Haggard, as commercial as I'll ever get in my tastes, Johnny Cash on downers, dark, inside of a cowboy boot.

(11) Les Parazit (93) Great riffs, solid, backbeat strong, spirit of 77. I hate when they sing in English they sound like Chelsea (Sham 69). Rough, slowed down Discharge, Sex Pistols, French Ramones, New York Dolls-ish.

(12) Ray Condo (92) If they're not great at least they're always good, like to dance at their shows, tunes for white trash. Like a garage band that listens to country instead of blues, like the Atlantic Winter Fair, traditional, rockabilly, 50s, contemporary Canadian hillbilly, honky-tonk.

PS: This has been a marketing ploy to coerce 80 people into reading Rear-Garde



GRUESOMES.

stage, good driving music, all the kicks and riffs and twists and emotions of rock 'n roll good name. Like Acid Rain the Replacements, Styx, Stones, themselves. Loose.

(7b) Deja Voodoo (126) Cause we dress well, really have a community, if coolness is a criterion they're #1, best



DEJA VOODOO.

lyrics this side of the Trashmen. Tony is Igor to Gerard's Dr. Frankenstein, always the same, sludgeabilly, we're getting bored of them, off the wall, Bog

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10



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1/2

PHOTO: Glenn Thompson



1/2 Japanese play swell, unself-conscious noise-rock. They are great. They are not at all "psychedelic" (Jad Fair is a straight dude) although the improvisational guitar scrunk that crops up in their material might have been tagged as such by formalist pranthy babbths in this mag. 1/2 Japanese have been around for 10 years. Read on and learn something.

RearGarde: I'd like to know the origin of the name 1/2 Japanese.

Jad: I wanted a name that sounded mysterious and one that people would look at us without any preconceived ideas. I think 1/2 Japanese fits that bill because you really don't know what to expect.

RearGarde: When you started out (the group), it was you and your brother?

Jad: When I started the band in '74, it was my brother David, David Stansky, and myself. I was playing guitar. Later on, after I moved to Maryland, Dave and I would switch back and forth between guitar and drums.

RearGarde: Back in '74, what was the big spark that said "Yes, I must form a band"?

Jad: Well I had a very high energy level and just needed some kind of release and there was a flood of ideas... and it just seemed like a fun thing to do.

RearGarde: What prompted you to start recording in '77?

Jad: Actually, I had been recording all along... hopefully at some point we will release the very early 1/2 Japanese material, cause I've got a ton of it! When we put out our first LP, *Half Gentlemen, Not Beast*, which was 3 albums, it was rather a surprise to me because Armageddon records had got in touch with us, and it was their suggestion that they release a box set.

RearGarde: Any chance of that Armageddon stuff being reissued or is that stuff lost?

Jad: I still have safety copies of it, so hopefully it will be re-released sometime.

RearGarde: Right now you're getting the current stuff in order.

Jad: Yeah, because I have a lot of current stuff that has not seen the light of day. I've got another LP recorded over at Noise New York with Kramer producing (*Butthole Surfers, Chadbourne etc.*) and then I recorded an album's worth of material with Eugene Chadbourne, which I still haven't had the chance to mix down.

RearGarde: You put out 1/2 Japanese and solo LPs, but it seems to me that 1/2 Jap is run by Jad Fair. Is that the case? What's the difference between the two?

Jad: With the Jad Fair solo projects I have total control. With the 1/2 Jap there is some group effort. I definitely do have the final say in the sound of the music but there is still some input from a number of sources. The

band that I'm playing with tonight, I've only been with for about a month's time. Now Joe Martinelli and Hank Berkemeyer also play in Moe Tucker's band, so I've had some work with them in the past.

RearGarde: Do you find that in a group context it works to bounce ideas off other people?

Jad: Yes and I'm not technical on any instrument, and so it's helpful to me if I have somebody who is actually able to play chords or keep a steady beat.

RearGarde: Are those early LPs as unstructured as they might have sounded to the average listener? Were there things going on that people wouldn't understand?

Jad: At the time I looked at it as being structured and I still see a structure to it. Now, since I do not tune my guitar and quite often will play with a number of different strings on, it plays differently than people normally would, so there's gonna be...

RearGarde: Random elements. Listening to the old LPs, it seems a bit looser a bit more aggressive.

Jad: I think that's quite possibly so... I mean that's not to say I won't go in that direction tomorrow. With every new release I try to cover some new ground.

RearGarde: It's interesting to compare *Sing No Evil* with the older material... and then the new LP which is a whole different ball of wax. Where would you like to take 1/2 Jap musically in the future?

Jad: The band that I have now is far more Rock 'n' Roll influenced than some of the past editions of bands have been. When I was working with the **Work Dogs**, Rob Kennedy and Scott Jarvis, it took a blues feel.

RearGarde: How does the back catalog hold up for you? Can you still go back and listen to the old stuff?

Jad: Very much so. I'm as proud of *Calling All Girls* as *Music To Strip By*.

RearGarde: A lot of people can't. They go on to new and not necessarily better material.

Jad: I'm not at all. I think it's the exception to the rule when a band improves. I think most bands get worse with time.

RearGarde: Any exceptions?

Jad: I believe NRBQ.... they seem to get better and better.

RearGarde: Anything else you listen to nowadays?

Jad: I quite like the **Dave** which is a band from Ohio, and **Beat Happening**. I'm fond of **Daniel Johnston** and **Sonic Youth**.

RearGarde: How did you get involved with the Velvet Underground Appreciation Society which runs the 50 Skadillion Watts Label?

Jad: After we put out our record *Calling All Girls* M.C. Kostek label prez was running a

1/2 JAPANESE



record store up in Amherst MA. so he got in touch with us and that's how I met Phil Milstein, Pep Lester and the other people in the Velvet Underground Society, and then they got in touch with Moe Tucker.

RearGarde: How did you get on with her?

Jad: It was a pleasure! She's so easy to work with. I can't say enough about her!

RearGarde: Listening to the albums I gather that you start with the lyrics and then build the music around them.

Jad: Yeah, I do. With the *Music To Strip By* LP almost all of those songs were first or second takes of songs that we had never practiced before. In fact, I wrote the majority of the songs the weekend of the recording.

RearGarde: So it was pretty well close to a spontaneous recording.

Jad: Yeah, Kramer did some overdubs and some sax was put on, but as far as the basic tracks go, they were done live.

RearGarde: I wanted to tell you that every time I play your version of *Help* I get complaints... I figure there must be something to it! A lot of people get jarred by your stuff. What's your feeling about this?

Jad: I'm not aiming to jar anybody. I'm just playing music as naturally as I can. I'd imagine to a lot of people it would seem foreign, and it would be difficult to understand and appreciate.

RearGarde: What kind of stuff did you listen to in the 70's when you were starting out?

Jad: When I was in high school, I used to listen to the Stooges, MC5, Capt. Beefheart. They were the main bands that I would listen to. And later on, the Velvet Underground.

RearGarde: Did you ever see any of these bands?

Jad: No, I never did. Which is unfortunate... I was back in Michigan at that time.

RearGarde: In a situation like that, how does one pick up on things like the Stooges, MC5, etc.?

Jad: Well my brother David had most of those records. I had friends who listened to that type of material, which is rather surprising since I've always lived in small towns. I'm really quite fond of the countryside—it just has a relaxing feeling that I enjoy. I see enough of the city when I'm touring and recording so it's nice to get away from that on my off time.

RearGarde: Who are some of the most amazing people you've worked with?

Jad: I was very much impressed with John Zorn, when he was playing on the *Roll Out the Barrel* LP. His sax playing is just incredible! Also I was real pleased with having the opportunity of playing with Terry Adams from NRBQ and also with Moe Tucker.

RearGarde: Who would you like to play with that you haven't played with yet?

Jad: Well, Jonathan Richman is someone I'd like to play with... and possibly the band the **Dave**.

Interview conducted by B.F. 'Mole' Motawat.

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with Melvin

VOLUME: 1
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"Record Reviewin'"

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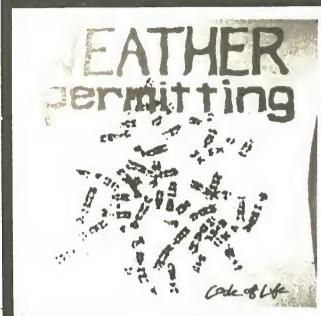
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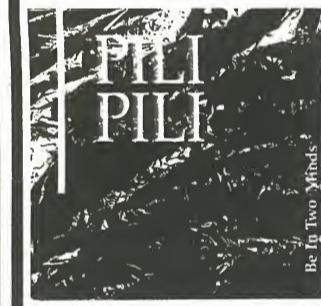
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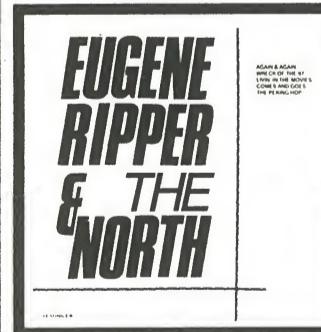
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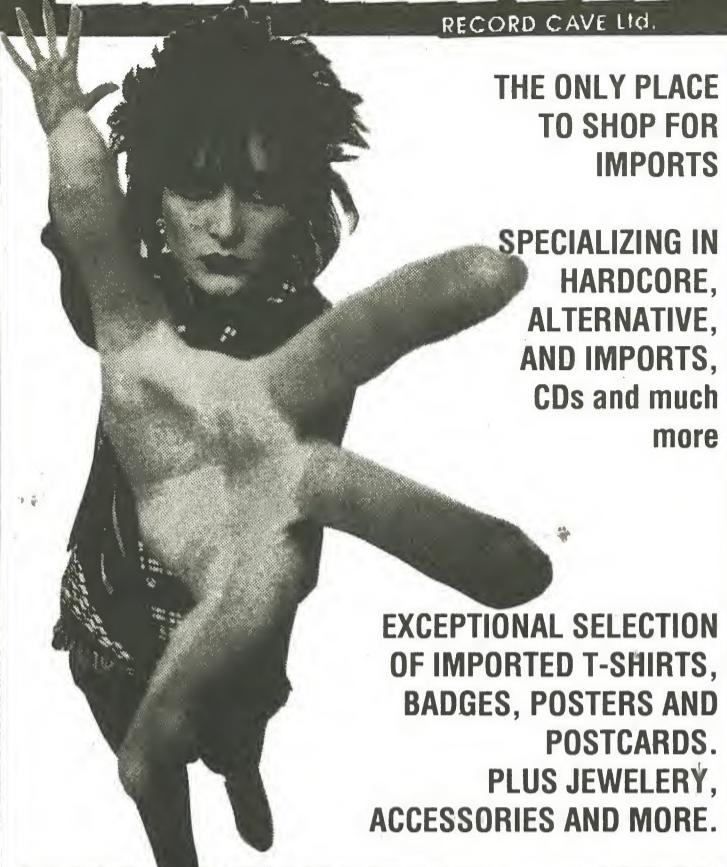


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PHOTO: Susanne Ecbord



Hi friends. You know, have you ever been quietly sitting on a train, eating a sandwich and thinking Big Thoughts, when suddenly you find yourself surrounded by devoted members of the God Squad? It's called Swarming, and it's a plague sweeping the nation. Innocent victims are being swarmed by the Multitudes, and few are lucky to escape with their human dignity intact. Before they know it, these Hapless Heathenous victims are left reading the Plain Truth and have "Don't Worry, God Loves You, So Back Off" bumper stickers on their cars. Happens all the time.

The Rev can cast thine mind back and lose count of the number of times this highly unpleasant experience has happened to him. And you know, there's just no escaping proselytizing Christians when they get their minds stuck on raising thine self from the Depths of Hell and up into the Glory of The Big Guy. You know, Messengers for the Lord are pretty smart. They figured out pretty quick that trains are prime breeding grounds for Recycling Preverts into Converts. There's no place to escape, although there have been many occasions when victims have hurled themselves out of speeding trains, only to have their corpses found during the next spring run-off. And you know, the sad thing is that These Heathens won't have received the Glory of Ol' What's His Name, and will Rot in Hell.

And you know, friends, speaking of Rotting in Hell, the ol' Rev would like to talk a bit this month about Acid House. You know, friends, Acid House is just one more tangible sign that points to the existence of God. See, Acid House is another item on the list that millions around the world are praying will disappear, and quick. If that many people are praying to the Big Guy, then He must really exist. But I digress.

There are two Real Good Reasons why Acid House is just Plain Unholy and why The Big Guy deems it Unnecessary and Stupid: Guilt and Money, which are two of the most important tenets of Christianity.

The Big Thing about Acid House is How To Look. This is Very Important. You know how when you were six years old and you were happy all the time and things were keen? Remember what you wore? Just wear the same things now and you'll be kinda ginky but cool. You can now stride down any street anywhere in platform shoes, flared leg pants, polyester shirt a couple of sizes too small, with a stupid smile on your face, and not worry about feeling guilty about Looking Stupid. And this is Not Good. Heck, if there was no Guilt around, what the heck would God have to do all day? You'd soon see Him standing on the street corner selling barber shop equipment. But I digress.

Now before y'all start rummaging through your rotting old clothes, searching for your old flares and polyduds, just think for one moment. The False Prophets of Acid have deemed the following rule: "If you're going to get turned-on and Be Happy, remember, you have to pay Big Bucks. None of this cheating stuff and wearing old clothes. That's too simple and we wouldn't make tons of cash off you. Thou must buy lots of expensive Flares and polyester from Trendy Places." And that Just Ain't Right. So go and Propogate the True Words of Jahweh, "Forget what the Evil Blasphemous Trend-setters in London are saying. Go down to your local Salvation Army and Go Crazy." Yes, friends, if thou are going to Go Acid, you might as well not spend all your cash, 'cos you know that in six months everyone's gonna hate it anyways. It's like when Some Bright Light thought that fruit-flavoured chips were brilliant, and soon everybody and His Dog was eating grape-flavoured chips. Now look around and see how many purple chips there are. Enough said.

Friends, this chapter of the Rev's sermon has merely scratched the surface of Acid. Next month, look forward to The Truth on How to Go Acid in a Big Way, How to Make Your Own Acid House House, and How to Do All This While Keeping Some Dignity. And remember, as the Lord doth say, "Smile and Be Happy 'cos someday I'm gonna get you real good." Deuteronomy 3:19.



PLASTERCENE

By Warren "Mr. Wonderful" Campbell

One of the biggest selling independent Canadian records ever is the *Plasterscene Replicas*' album released last year. When the band was in town at the end of January we got a chance to talk to them about the success of their debut LP.

"To date we have sold seven to eight thousand copies of the album," guitarist Steven Stewart told me just before their McGill show at Gertrude's. The album has been receiving excellent distribution all across the country, as witnessed by the band's 'storechecks' when they were here in town.

I brought up the fact that when a band from Toronto says they have "X" amount of records, this usually means that 90% of those records have been sold in the Toronto area and most of the others have been sold in the close-knit region around that metropolis. Stewart denied those figures. The band's distributor told them that about half of their records have been sold out in Western Canada, even though the band has never played a show west of Ontario. Their explanation for their popularity out west is that people often compare them to such popular West Coast bands as 54-40 and *Grapes of Wrath*.

The shows and the travelling around they did in Montreal were adventures for the band. "The first night I don't think the people knew what to expect from us," says Stewart. "They didn't know what to make of us at first," added the *Replicas* bassist Brendan Cavin.

Around town they were doing the usual "business" that bands so often do, stuff like interviews and the aforementioned storechecks. They did an interview on CHOM and an interview on Musique Plus which even included a phonetic station ID. "They even had a phonetic cue card to do the station ID," says Cavin.

"The funny thing is we all know enough French to get by, but those freakin' cue cards are for people who know absolutely no French," adds Stewart. "I find it hard enough to do the interviews and ID's in English."

Montreal was a great culture shock. Stewart's great introduction to our culture was a ride on our Metro. "That was great."

Cavin's observation was more down-to-earth but less observant. During the interview he noticed someone eating pizza with a knife and fork. "That's the second person doing that today." Weird yes, but Quebec culture... well maybe.

Besides the comparisons to the two Vancouver bands mentioned earlier, the *Replicas* have also been getting a lot of people comparing them to former campus radio stars REM. They seemed a bit unnerved when I brought this up and threw me their standard line about that comparison: "We're about the same age as REM. They probably grew up with the same older broth-

ers and friends of older brothers, who probably had the same record collections. Therefore we're influenced by the same music they listened to."

Another similarity to REM is that both bands do Aerosmith covers. Cavin explains the differences between the bands as "They're a three piece band with a guy who makes up the lyrics and we're three musicians making up lyrics and songs, not just putting words and melodies over riffs. We feel it's a different approach."

Stewart gets the last word on the *Replicas* versus REM comparison (although they did have a lot to say for a band that didn't want to talk about it): "We have a much broader base of influence than REM, we're not a roots band. Too many new-wavers in this band."

The band's early listening pleasures were artists like the Beatles, Elvis Costello, the Cure, Joy Division and Echo & the "Freakin' Bunnymen."

Stewart says the artists he listens to have changed and this is reflected in his songwriting. "Personally, yes, my songwriting has changed in that I've become angrier." Which surprised me, I usually expect people to mellow out when they get older. "I'm not mellow I'm just more patient," he adds.

The five years the band has been together, except for a year and a half when they all took a break from each other, has shown very few line-up changes except for the matter of many, many drummers in that time. The irony of *Spinal Tap* is not lost on Stewart but fortunately none of the *Replicas* drummers have ever exploded on stage.

They named themselves the *Plasterscene Replicas* only because it sounded "catchy and weird..." The name came up before anybody conceived videos or records for the band, it was a private joke among us all." And yes, the band does have *plasterscene replicas* of themselves, they apparently can be seen on MuchMusic soon. "I'm somewhat of an expert on the use of *plasterscene* so I made some for the band," says Cavin.

The *Replicas* are part of a growing Toronto music industry. "It's a very healthy scene," says Stewart. "There are now a lot of bands in the city and more than a few places bands can play. Though the bands that are now signed to major record deals are not really representative of the local music scene."

With their indie label contract and constant touring Stewart says he's able to live off the *Replicas*. "Right now I can pay my rent, eat, have a few beers and buy a new guitar every year. I feel lucky I can do that."

The label they are now on is called Raining Records and as Stewart has described it, "It's pretty much set up around the band. The thrust of signing with Raining Records is to show off the band for a major record deal."

To date this has worked but of course they won't go into detail except to say they've had a few "deal memos" offered to them, which they are looking at cautiously. These deal memos are essentially previews to any contract that might be signed with the band.

Stewart calls these deal memos "just part of the long stupid courting process."

They received a good deal from Raining Records because of the success of their debut EP put out a few years ago. "Ya, we got this good deal from the label and distribution company because they knew that our first record sold like crazy."

The people at Raining even wanted to have the band re-record some stuff from their first EP for their first album but the band was against it. "We can't keep going back and pulling from our old catalogue."

says Stewart. It seems like they are trying to avoid the *Pursuit of Happiness* syndrome.

"Our new album will be all new material."

I found all of this interesting, considering I first heard of the *Replicas* a few years ago, when I picked up a compilation tape called *Materials and Processes* and they had a track on it called the *Turtle Song*. My second brush with them was when I got the Toronto compilation album on X Records called *For No Apparent Reason*. Again their contribution was a song called the *Turtle Song*.

"Aha, well it was the only suitable song for them, due to the availability of the masters," says Stewart. "We really didn't want it that way either," says Cavin. "The thing was the *Materials & Processes* tape came out not too long after our EP and *For No Apparent Reason* was out two years after so it was like it couldn't be found anywhere else. So why not?" explains Stewart.

To help push the album, they released a video for the song *We Can Walk* which has received a lot of airplay on MuchMusic and some minor airplay on MusiquePlus. Soon after they also did a video for another song off the album called *All I See*. "Both videos were a matter of convenience," says Stewart. "The guys at Raining Records are all graduates of Queens in Arts and ended up knowing a lot of people who ended up going into the video business."

Both videos have been successful for the band as far as airplay and the band also feels them to be successful artistically. "Our videos are not your standard Rock videos. *We Can Walk* is very surreal, mainly because the colours are really vibrant. We did it in apple-cherry-apricot vineyard in the Niagara Peninsula. We also used infra-red film which gave us glistening black and white shots." The second video, meanwhile, was rawer and done on a lower budget.

Another route they took to promote their album was through the use of an independent radio promoter in the Toronto area. "Essentially she is an out of work publicist," says Stewart. "She hit all the campus stations and let them know all about us and did the groundwork for major market stations." When the band came to Montreal, the people at CHOM were already familiar with the band and had some knowledge of them. This was also the case in Toronto, where they got some good airplay on local stations Q107 and CFNY. "It cost us a bit of money but it seems to have worked," says Stewart.

Now for the all important question, unfortunately only Steven Stewart was around for this one but here's his answer to: If you could be any flavour of ice cream which would it be and why? "Well I'd be Parliament (I think that's what he said) Pistachio because it's the best ice cream. They have it at Mimi's (a Toronto snack bar the *Replicas* inhabit) and it's really good with cranberry-apple pie."

PEOPLE



The Velvet

PHOTO:
Shawn Scallen



By Graham Russell

Of the independent Toronto bands recently signed to major labels (The Pursuit of Happiness, Cowboy Junkies, the Razorbacks), the hardest and loudest is the three year old punk-edged post gothic group **National Velvet**, whose self-titled debut album was released on Capitol Records last summer.

After having played three weeks in the U.S. in the midst of their whirlwind Canadian-American tour, National Velvet delivered a sweaty, blistering set at Barrymore's in Ottawa February 7. Even while wrapped in a characteristic black and haze of cigarette smoke, and looking like the illegitimate off spring of Bela Legosi, vocalist Maria Del Mar and guitarist Mark Crossley were disarmingly friendly.

Crossley notes their musical approach is considerably different from their T.O. contemporaries.

"It seems that things are softening up in Toronto. People are getting more eclectic and stylized. We still go for the traditional band approach—five people on stage with loud guitars and stacks of Marshalls behind us. We're into the heavy rock mode."

Del Mar and co-lyricist and bass guitarist Mark Storm formed the band three years ago, with Crossley and drummer Garry Flint joining a year later. The newest addition is lead guitarist Tim Welch who joined about six months ago.

Both Del Mar and Crossley are weathered bar band veterans. Del Mar has been writing and performing with bands since she was 13 years old, and Crossley has been working with her in bands or for them as a roadie for the past 12 years.



Crossley's roadied for acts like The Fall, P.I.L. and Iggy Pop, and, during a stint in England, narrowly missed becoming a member of Siouxsie and the Banshees when John McGeough quit in 1982.

He has juicy inside stories on the bands he's worked with over the years—Siouxsie's ice queen bitchiness, the supposedly cleaned-up Johnny Thunders being drunk and disorderly—but that's all off the record, of course.

Del Mar—who is imposing and confrontational on stage and soft-spoken and sweet-natured off it—describes their live show as "highly energetic. We have a good time and it comes across. I like to go out into the audience and dance with them. I target people—the ones sitting there minding their own business."

The band doesn't let the inevitable "gothic" label inhibit them, even though the lyrics to their biggest hit to date, *Flesh Under Skin*, read like a page torn from an Ann Rice vampire novel.

"When you see the mixture of our audiences, that label doesn't quite stick with where our audience is. We don't even recognize it," explains Del Mar.

Certainly their punky, rave-up assault on the old Isley Brother's song *Shout*, one of their album's most pleasant surprises, defies the gloomy, self-reflective gothic tag.

"It's funny and punky. That's exactly why we chose it. I think people take us as a very serious, dark-sided band. When you see us live it's a different story. We threw it on to break up the monotony of the seriousness."

Critics have been twisting themselves into pretzels trying to come up with comparisons to Del Mar's powerful vocals, the most common being Siouxsie.

"When you're a in a band, you get compared to anything that's around currently. Right now I'm getting Sinaid O'Connor quite a bit. I've gotten Geddy Lee from Rush! I get compared to male vocalists equally as often to female vocalists because I have such a low register at times."

"We did this one interview and the girl that was interviewing us turned to Mark afterward and expressed how much she liked his voice! She didn't know why we were laughing—I wasn't going to spoil it for her and say, 'hey, baby, that was me!'"

The band had their hands full trying to thaw out the hardened, seen-it-all-before night clubbers at the Cat Club when they played New York on the tour.

"They're real buggers, those New Yorkers," recalls Del Mar. "They get exposed to so much, they're somewhat spoiled. It's like pulling teeth trying to get a reaction, but we did. Even the barflies who stand around and

pose were bobbing their heads and paying attention."

RPM club goers are also starting to get that familiar funny feeling when they see Del Mar there working as a cigarette girl between gigs, especially since MuchMusic has put their videos into such heavy rotation.

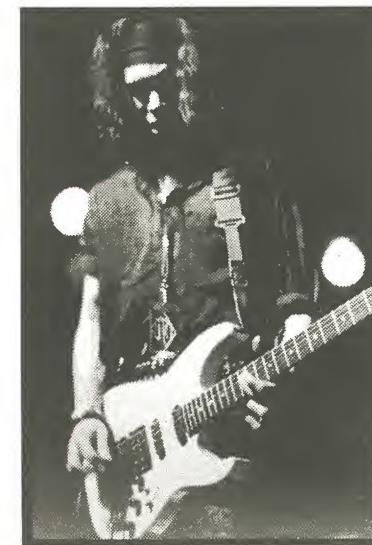
"People make bets now. Is she or isn't she? It's funny," she laughs.

Not bad for a girl who wrote her first song when she was eight years old.

"It was a love song. I used to write these really sappy love songs. I think I picked up the words from the radio—that cheesy 70s stuff."

The punk explosion of the late 70s had a big impact on Del Mar, whose early bands were speed/punk.

"I was in Grade 8 when I first got exposed to it and started sneaking my way into bars. At first my mom thought it was harmless, because it was my older brother who was



taking me into these bars. I'd get home at two in the morning, pissed out of my head, and for some reason she never knew! I was really good at lying. After a while she began to suspect this wasn't such a harmless thing kids were getting into. It had its toll on our relationship for a while."

Fortunately, Del Mar and mother have since patched things up.

"She's our number one groupie in Toronto. She comes to all the shows and shoulders her way up to the front and screams."

National Velvet are currently writing material for their second album while on the road and plan to start recording in May.



By Suzanne

Raw Gwar spelled backwards is still Raw Gwar. And that's how it was. You could stand up front or sit at back and still get slopped on. Stage blood and stage semen (if there is such a thing). May be offensive to some.

Michael Orchs, the newest member of the band on guitar, likes to see their shows as a "cartoon extravaganza... It may seem, and actually be ridiculous, but it's like all facets of life: somebody has to do it."

Joining the band six months ago, after leaving his "Butthole Surfers, Scratch Acid" sounding band, Michael has become a human slave for his stage character of Ball Sac.

Along with Michael there are eleven other members in Gwar, only five of them participating in the musical aspect. A sound effects man who is never seen operates backstage and six characters also play a part in the theatrics.

The band travels in a graffitied school bus that they procured, after the loss of their helicopter, by killing all of the children on it. "They were like lambs, man", smiles Beefcake.

My understanding is that the band travels in the "bat" helicopter, while human slaves travel in the bus.

Now that they have found their helicopter again they have decided to keep the bus as they feel that they must emulate the human race while on the planet. And so, Donald Trump became their pilot but unfortunately they had to kill him because "he just fucked up too much."

What made them tour? "Well, there was nothing left for us to do so this is what we're doing. Travelling around playing music and having a lot of fun biting the heads off of corpses and sucking life out of the pathetic paltry peanut shells."

What next? "Broadway definitely. I

have no qualms about bumping Cats. Yeah, let's go next Monday."

Slymenstra walks past Beefcake, Techno and Ball Sac.

"What a bitch."

"She never lets us touch her."

"I thought she was out fucking a radio tower."

"You know when we first came to your planet we were so horny and she wouldn't take us so that we were forced to make love to apes and so the human race was born."

"I guess she's going to hang out at the end of the airport runway and catch 747's with her legs apart."

"And when she's on the rag, sometimes it lasts millions of years."

"Who did you think created the Red Sea."

Meanwhile Slymenstra (the only female performer with the ensemble) is looking for her jacket. When asked during the show if she had a boyfriend, she said "No, a girlfriend." Whatever.

Not that I was asking, but Ball Sac revealed the reason for his name. Once he was well-endowed, millions of years ago. What remains of his genitals is his testicles, thus the name. While on

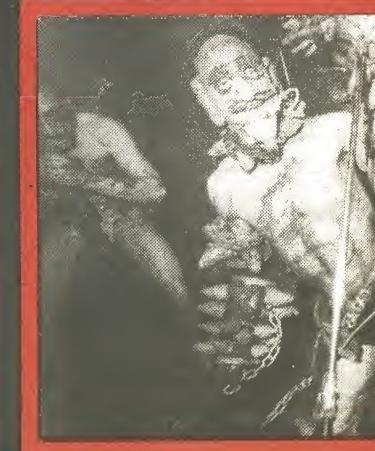


PHOTO: Rina Gribovsky

PHOTO: Rob

TOOTS

Venus he contracted Venusian crotch rot after "doing" all the prostitutes. Poor guy.

And on the topic of other bands, Beefcake adds, "These fucking furball hippie wannabe faggot rock and roll stars used to have integrity. They used to be warriors elite. Now they're just scumdogs of the universe." Anyway, he's allowed to say that as a member of the cosmic elite.

Gwar's show was so visually stimulating that the music was almost obliterated by the theatrics. (Stall I even use the word professional somewhere in there?).

Phil Donahue. Ya, they watch it twice weekly, a fact mentioned at least four times.

Michael the shy ("the first girl I ever kissed was when I was seventeen"),

alias Ball Sac man was just waiting for the RCMP to bust them on an obscenity charge. "It's all fun and it's a good time. Of course we enjoy doing it. And if the odd person gets offended I'll apologize. Not everyone can get into everything."

And of course a band that has been frozen in Antarctica for billions of years are a must.

Raw Gwar backwards or forwards it's still the same.

Toots and the Maytals hit Montreal recently and played with Swinging Relatives at the Cafe Campus. The Swinging Relatives took the stage an hour late and immediately started to lay down some really good reggae tunes. Although these guys used to be more ska-oriented, their crossover into reggae is certainly not a bad move. They even played some Salsa stuff and did a couple of ska tunes. Their instrumental reggae tunes were really good and were ac-

Toots: Well, I been on the road for six months and its been good. Last night we played in Toronto which was fun. I'm touring to support my new album *Toots in Memphis* which is getting a good response so far.

RearGarde: Toots and the Maytals have carried on from early 60s ska to late 60s rock steady and into the rise of Reggae in the early 1970s. Don't you get tired?

Toots: No I don't get tired but sometimes I did feel like stopping. Quite a few years

used it in the song.

RearGarde: Toots and the Maytals have ska-ish songs like *Monkey Man* which are dance-oriented while you also have other serious songs. How do you want to be defined concerning your music?

Toots: I sing about love, feeling and soul. Reggae is about love and respect and is a very spiritual music as well as physical. I want people to understand the values of love and respect through my music. My new record is for everyone because it has a lot of styles on it. I want it to be for blacks and whites together. Reggae is not just for blacks, it is for everyone. I'm trying to go farther and farther in my music by doing different things.

RearGarde: With most people, the popular reggae artists are still the old-guard bands, like yourselves and the Wailers, etc. Can you tell us what is happening in Jamaica right now? Is there a lot of new talent?

Toots: There is plenty of new youth talent and it is good talent that I see. I want to help the youth and straighten them out. I don't



centered by some heavy spacey keyboard effects. They played a great set and set the tone for the main attraction of the evening.

Seeing Toots for the first time was an experience I had been anticipating for quite some time and he was not disappointing in the least. Toots took the stage around 12:30 and launched into a two hour set of very funky reggae.

Toots' energy seemed to flow out from him, into his band, and electrified the audience. He played reggae laced with elements of Motown and funk and his smooth voice and incredible stage presence seemed to compliment every song whether it was loud and fast or slow and quiet. The crowd packed the dance floor and most swayed along while others actually got up and skanked to the original master of ska.

He started off with stuff from his new album *Toots in Memphis* which had a correspondingly American feel to it. He then moved into older material which people recognized, and he had the crowd singing along to classics like *Take me Home Country Road* and *Pressure Drop*. He played an extended version of *Reggae Got Soul* which had a lot of audience participation, initiating a fun shouting match between the crowd and the band.

After playing for almost two and a half hours, Toots and the Maytals finally retired from the stage, leaving a rather sweaty but thoroughly pleased audience behind. He definitely injected a bit of much-needed Caribbean sunshine into the winter blues of Montreal.

After the show I had the pleasure of talking to Toots Hibbert, unfortunately my tape deck broke down and was forced to do the paper and pen thing.

RearGarde: So where are you coming from?

ago I was about to quit playing Reggae altogether. It started with the death of Jacob Miller then Bob Marley died, and finally Peter Tosh died. When Bob died I asked myself what is this and what is going on. I decided to take a break after Bob's death but I started up again.

RearGarde: How did you react to the recent elections in Jamaica?

Toots: (laughs) No Comment. I wasn't there so I cannot say.

RearGarde: Being one of the forerunners of ska, how did you react to the rise of British two-tone in the 1970s and European and American bands covering your songs?

Toots: I liked bands doing my songs. If you have good songs then there will be a promotion of your songs. That's why good singers like the Police and the Specials will cover my good songs.

RearGarde: *Do the Reggay* was a song you did in 1968 and it is assumed you started the term reggae even though it was already a common street term.

Toots: You are right, it was a street term. In the cities in Jamaica there was the word "streggae" which meant looking great, like someone who dressed really well. We just took this word and made it into reggae and

want the young kids trying to sing reggae to do drugs. I don't want them doing cocaine and ruining their lives. They must do reggae naturally. There is no need for over-exposure: if you try to boost up, you going to get crushed up. The new artists must learn from the roots like me and Bob and Jacob Miller and other artists. The new artists must have a good understanding of reggae and it's feeling. If there is no lyrical understanding of spiritual and physical culture then reggae cannot survive.

RearGarde: The basis behind Rastafarian culture is the idea of returning to Africa, especially Ethiopia. Have you played Africa?

Toots: I have played in a few places in Africa including Nigeria. I am definitely going back to Africa because that's where my family is from. This is a message to my blood-brothers and blood-sisters in Africa: I am coming back!

RearGarde: How far do you want to go?

Toots: I want to go as far as possible. I have and am going to try and release some R & B, country and western and also some reggae. Even though I have experimented with Jazz and R & B, I am never going to ditch reggae. I just thank God for what he has done for me.

Interview conducted by Ribredni Rair.

16



1 the POGUES	YEAH! YEAH! YEAH! YEAH!	ISLAND	"12"""
C 2 the GRUESOMES	HEY!	OG	
C 3 the BAMBI SLAM	the BAMBI SLAM	WEA	
C 4 the WET SPOTS	WAKE UP WITH THE...	PROBLEM CHILDREN	
C 5 M.S.I.	AN AMAZING FEAT	BUCKO-5	"7"""
6 Soundtrack	WINGS OF DESIRE	CHESS / MCA	
7 CHUCK BERRY	the CHESS BOX	RESTLESS	
8 the FLAMING LIPS	TELEPATHIC SURGERY	T & GO / FRINGE	
9 RAPEMAN	TWO NUNS & A PACK MULE	JIVE / BMG	"12"""
10 STOP THE VIOLENCE	SELF DESTRUCTION	ILOKI	
11 Various Artists	WHAT SURF III	ROCKTOPUS TAPE	
C 12 ROCKTOPUS	ROCKTOPUS	DEF AMERICAN / WEAC	
13 MASTERS OF REALITY	MASTERS OF REALITY	S. PERRY TAPE	
14 Various Artists	ONTARIO - YOURS TO...	FIRE / RESTLESSC	
15 Various Artists	the GREAT FIRE OF LONDON	BOB SNIDER TAPE	
16 BOB SNIDER	DEMO	FIRST PRIORITY / WEA	
C 17 Various Artists	First Priority Music Family: "I SEE GOOD SPIRITS	WAX TRAX	
18 My Life with the Thrill Kill...	FORGET MISSION OF BURMA	TAANG!	
19 MISSION OF BURMA	DICKCHEESE	TAANG!	
20 the HARD-ONS	STRANGE NURSERY	STRANGE NURSERY	
C 21 STRANGE NURSERY	STEWED TO THE GILLS	CAROLINE / VIRGIN	
22 GAYE BYKERS ON ACID	KINGS OF NOISE	CBS	
23 the SLAMMING WATUSIS	THE SERPENT'S EGG	4AD / POLYGRAM	
24 DEAD CAN DANCE	BACK WITH A BONG!	PROFILE	
25 MURPHY'S LAW	STEP ON IT	TAANG!	
26 SLAPSHOT	QUEEN ELVIS	A&M	
27 ROBYN HITCHCOCK	FROMOHIO	SST	
28 FIREHOSE	SPIKE	WEA	
29 ELVIS COSTELLO	POSITIONTRATION	CAROLINE	
30 LIVE SKULL	LAMBENT FLAME	RECKLESS	
31 BLACK SUN ENSEMBLE	ZAMFIR AIN'T NO GURU	CIRCULARPHILE	
32 the COWPOKES	the LILAC TIME	POLYGRAM	
33 the LILAC TIME	SONGS OF THE WORKING...	FLYING FISH	
34 Various Artists	CURSE OF THE GRAVEYARD...	LOST MOMENT / SKYCLAD	
35 the KREW MEN			

CRSG TOP 33 1/3

ARTIST	TITLE	LABEL
1 CC NO MEANS NO	SMALL PARTS ISOLATED..	ALT. TENTACLES
2 CC WET SPOTS	WAKE UP WITH...	PROBLEM CHILD..
3 KMFDM	DON'T BLOW YOUR TOP	WAX TRAX
4 FRONT 242	FRONT BY FRONT	NETTWERK
5 CC THE ELEMENTALS	SELLING OUT BIG TIME	GARDENHOSE
6 SONIC YOUTH	DAYDREAM NATION	BLAST FIRST
7 THE S.T.V.M.	SELF DESTRUCTION 12"	JIVE
8 CC SNFU	BETTER THAN A STICK....	CARGO
9 BEATNIGS	TELEVISION 12"	ALT. TENTACLES
10 FIREHOSE	FROMOHIO	SST
11 ARSENAL	MANIPULATOR	TOUCH AND GO
12 THE GRUESOMES	HEY	OG
13 CC WEATHER PERMITTING	CODE OF LIFE	AMOK
14 FIRST PRIORITY	BASEMENT FLAVOR	FIRST PRIORITY
15 THE TALL DWARFS	HELLO CRUEL WORLD	HOMESTEAD
16 LOOP	FADE OUT	CHAPTER 22
17 CC GUERRILLA WELFARE	RHESUS PIECES	HE DEAD
18 RAY ANDERSON	BLUES BRED IN THE BONE	ENJA
19 DREAM LANDSCAPE	PICTURES AND PEOPLE	SDE
20 JAMES BLOOD ULMER	AT THE CARAVAN OF DREAMS	CARAVAN OF...
21 THE CLEAN	THE CLEAN COMPILATION	HOMESTEAD
22 SLAB	SANITY ALLERGY	INK RECORDS
23 MILTON DOUGLAS	CAN'T TRUST NO ONE	MANUS MUSIC
24 THE DEAD MILKMEN	BEELZEBUBBA	ENIGMA
25 VARIOUS	PAY IT ALL BACK VOL.2	NETTWERK
26 CC THE RED BAND	LATE AS USUAL	WORLD
27 RAVI SHANKAR	INSIDE THE KREMLIN	PRIVATE MUSIC
28 THE POEPALEOPES	AN ADDER'S TALE	SKYCLAD
29 EAZY E	EAZY DOES IT	RUTHLESS
30 MARSHMALLOW OVER...	TRY ON...	GET HIP
31 WOLFGANG PRESS	BIRDWOOD CAGE	4AD
32 SPACEMEN 3	PLAYING WITH FIRE	FIRE RECORDS
33 BEL CANTO	WHITE OUT CONDITION	NETTWERK
1/3 CC VARIOUS	SHADOW COMPILATION 2	CASSETTE

NOTE: 'CC' DENOTES CANADIAN CONTENT

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LW	TW	ARTIST	TITLE	LABEL / DISTRIBUTOR	# OF WEEKS
1	1.	*CICCONE YOUTH	THE WHITEY ALBUM	HAST FIRST/US//ENIGMA/US	6
23	2.*	ELSWORTH JAMES	TRIBUTE TO BEN JOHNSON	SOCA VILLAGE	3
10	3.	VARIOUS ARTISTS	BELEZA TROPICAL	SIRE/WEA	4
7	4.	the REPLACEMENTS	DON'T TELL A SOUL	SIRE/WEA	4
16	5.*	LUCINDA WILLIAMS	LUCINDA WILLIAMS	ROUGH TRADE/US	4
29	6.*	TRIP SHAKESPEARE	ARE YOU SHAKE SPEARIENCED?	SHAKEPEARICON	3
40	7.*	JOELLE LEANDRE	CONTREBASSE ET VOIX	ADDA	5
4	8.	ELVIS COSTELLO	SPIKE	WARNER BROS./WEA	4
5	9.*	benjamin lew/UNCONTROLLED BLEEDING	LES NOUVELLES MUSIQUES DE CHAMBRE #1	SUB ROSA	5
14	10.*	BRIAN RITCHIE	SONIC TEMPLE & COURT OF BABYLON	SST	6
11	11.*	NO MEANS NO	SMALL PARTS ISOLATED & DESTROYED	ALTERNATIVE TENTACLES/CARGO	7
25	12.*	TROTSKY ICEPICK	BABY	SST	6
6	13.	LOU REED	NEW YORK	SIRE/WEA	7
19	14.*	ELEKTRONIC YOUTH UNDERGROUND	THE MEDIUM IS THE MESSAGE (cassette)	BOMBSHELTER	5
3	15.*	VARIOUS ARTISTS	GROSSMAN'S LIVE 2	SPADINA BEAT	6
32	16.*	PATA NEGRA	BLUES DE LA FRONTERA	HANNIBAL / CARTHAGE	4
18	17.*	IN THE NURSERY	KODA	SWEATBOX/WAX TRAX	4
37	18.*	BERURIER NOIR	CONCERTO POUR DETRAQUES	BONDAGE/NEW ROSE/CARGO	5
2	19.	VIOLENT FEMMES	3	SLASH/WEA	7
28	20.*	UKULELE ORCH. OF GREAT BRITAIN	THE UKULELE VARIATIONS (cassette)	DISCHENIQUE	3
new	21.	DYLAN & the GRATEFUL DEAD	DYLAN & the DEAD	COLUMBIA/CBS	2
8	22.*	WEATHER PERMITTING	CODE OF LIFE	AMOK	7
34	23.*	TOO MANY COOKS	TOO MANY COOKS	MAINSTREET/OG MUSIC	5
27	24.*	JANEX	ON THE WAY	CORWOOD	7
9	25.*	DINAH WASHINGTON	THE COMPLETE.....VOL. 1 '43-45	OFFICIAL	7
new	26.*	TAMBU/CHARLIE'S ROOTS	THE JOURNEY	WEST INDIES	2
new	27.*	LOWELL FULSON	IT'S A GOOD DAY	ROUNDER	3
12	28.	DANIELLE DAX	DARK ADAPTED EYE	SIRE/WEA	7
15	29.*	DECade of DREAMS	PAROCHIAL ZOO	DTK/ELECTRIC	6
new	30.*	IAN TYSON	I OUTGROW THE WAGON	STONY PLAIN/WEA	4

SINGLES, EPS & SHORT TAPES

1	1.*	MICHIE MEE & LA LUV	VICTORY IS CALLING	FIRST PRIORITY/WEA	6
3	2.*	DIANA BRAITHWAITE	CARRY MY NAME (cassette)	Independent	3
5	3.*	the MUMBLETYPEGS	I'M SICK OF EVERYTHING	PRONTO	3
10	4.*	UIC	NEW DEMO (cassette)	Independent	3
11	5.*	the BAMBI SLAM	LONG TIME COMIN'	BLANCO Y NEGRO/WEA	4
2	6.*	OFFICIALS	REAL LIFE	FOREIGN ACCENTS	6
16	7.*	APOLOGY	PASS YOU BY	WISHINGWELL/GIANT	6
7	8.*	EUGENE RIPPER & THE NORTH	EUGENE RIPPER & THE NORTH	AMOK	7
8	9.*	DISTANT LOCUST	DISTANT LOCUST	AMO	7
9	10.*	SUBWAY ELVIS	NOW I KNOW	WESTWINDS	5
20	11.*	the HERETICS	the HERETICS (cassette)	Independent	7
new	12.*	TEX-STYLES	TEX-STYLES (cassette)	BUCKO 5	4
4	13.*	MSI	AN AMAZING FEAT	BUY OUR	5
17	14.*	RAGING SLAB	TRUE DEATH	OUCH	5
14	15.*	DREAMS DIE HARD	DONCHA RUN MY LIFE		

LAST HALF OF MARCH '89

CKUT 90.3 FM 5700 WATTS 24 HOURS MONTREAL

CAST. IN ORDER OF APPEARANCE
order based on amount of airplay, but...

ARTIST	ALBUM	LABEL
13 ENGINES*	BYRAM LAKE BLUES	NOCTURNAL/FRINGE
TOO MANY COOKS*	TOO MANY COOKS	MAIN STREET/OG
VARIOUS ARTISTS	BELEZA TROPICAL	FLY/SIRE/WEA
DELIRIUM ASYLUM*	PSYCHOTIC SESSION	TERRA VOX
THEY MIGHT BE GIANTS	LINCOLN	BAR NONE/RESTLESS
Cap'n Crunch & Let's Do Lunch*	More Baroque Post-Industrial ...	OG
LIVE SKULL	POSITIONTRATION	CAROLINE
WEATHER PERMITTING*	CODE OF LIFE	AMOK/ELECTRIC
DE LA SOUL	3 FT. HIGH AND RISING	TOMMY BOY
XTC	ORANGES AND LEMONS	VIRGIN
ELVIS COSTELLO	SPIKE	WEA
BLACK SUN ENSEMBLE	LAMBENT FLAME	RECKLESS
MO TUCKER	HEY MERSH!	50 KADILLION WATT
ANNA DOMINO*	COLOURING IN THE EDGE...	CREPUSCLE
WEE PAPA GIRL RAPPERS	The Beat, The Rhyme, The Noise	JIVE/BMG
IN THE NURSERY	KODA	WAX TRAX
STOP THE VIOLENCE MOVEMENT	SELF-DESTRUCTION	HE-DEAD
GUERRILLA WELFARE*	RHESUS PIECES	DEF AMERICA
MASTERS OF REALITY	MASTERS OF REALITY	4AD
WOLFGANG PRESS	BIRDWOOD CAGE	AUDIOGRAM/SELECT
ALEX FARHOUR*	(A+M) SQUARED	BLASTFIRST/ENIGMA
CICCONE YOUTH	THE WHITEY ALBUM	OPAL/WEA
HUGO LARGO	METTLE	PRIVATE/BMG
RAVI SHANKAR	IN THE KREMLIN	SST
IREHOSE	IRONMOHIO	SLASH/WEA
BURNING SPEAR	LIVE IN PARIS	SUB POP
BLOOD CIRCUS	PRIMAL ROCK THERAPY	WEA
THE REPLACEMENTS	DON'T TELL A SOUL	SIRE/WEA
DANIELLE DAX	DARK ADAPTED EYE	MAKDON
CARL MACDONALD	Satan Soldiers on the Run	OG
UIC*	LIKE NINETY	OLD EUROPA CAFE
VARIOUS ARTISTS	JUST A LOVE SONG	AUDIOFILE
MYSTERY HEARSAY	HALOS & HORNS	ONE LITTLE INDIAN
VARIOUS ARTISTS	GREATEST HITS, VOL. 1	CAROLINE
WHITE ZOMBIE	MAKE THEM DIE SLOWLY	FRINGE
SUDDEN IMPACT	SPLIT PERSONALITY	VIRGIN
Malathini & The Mahotella Queens	THOKOZILE	

...but order is not a recommended way to assess diverse and eclectic radio.

* denotes Canadian

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Lizard, Hazy Azure, Ripcordz, The Wanted, Northern Vultures, And Amherst Tavern

March 10

Finally, a Rock against Racism benefit. And, for a change, this show took place somewhere other than Foufounes—the Amherst Tavern. Plus, the price was right, being six bucks for six bands.

Lizard, which is a speed metal type band came on around nine ready to play to an energetic crowd. They were pretty good although the sound was shit and remained shit throughout the whole night. They kinda sound like The Accused, but with a bigger metal influence. Their songs were good tho sometimes they were a bit too long.

Everytime I see Hazy Azure, I become more and more impressed with them. These guys are great and if you haven't seen them yet you are definitely missing something. They played all my fave songs including *There at Last* which is going to be on the RearGarde album. Hazy Azure have really progressed, their music seems to have gotten more bluesy and funky. I'm doing you all a favour by telling you to check them out.

Next came the Ripcordz with Paul Gott on vocals and guitar, Ewan of Fail-Safe playing drums and I don't know who the bassist was (*Ian, ex of Sarcastic Fashioned*). This band has been around for a while with Paul being the only original member remaining. They play punk rock and were enjoyable except for the fact that Paul broke a string in the middle of the set and we were left waiting impatiently for more.

I don't really like The Wanted. I guess it's just that they really bored me.

The Northern Vultures have a U.K. punk sound that is hard to beat. They played their usual tight set which pleased everyone enormously. Their music is really easy to get into and it got the crowd wild.

Last but not least came And. For having only practiced four times together they were really amazing. I understand that everyone except Erwin (the singer) is from the Stratejackets. Oh, and did Erwin ever whip out those incredible vocals. I loved everything about this band. It's too bad a lot of people had to leave to catch the last metro because they missed some really great music.

Cyndi

The Laughing Hyenas, The Digits and Rocktopus Club Apocalypse Sometime in March

Promoter Elliot Lefko is back with a vengeance with his newest venture, Club Apocalypse. Bigger than the Silver Dollar and cleaner than Larry's Hideaway, Apocalypse is Toronto's newest found hardcore/alternative haven.

Toronto's Rocktopus kicked more than their share of ass, upstaging the acts to follow, ending off their tight set with an enlightening cover of Kiss's *Strutter*.

Touch & Go's recording artists, The Digits came and went without much incident. This threesome were reminiscent of early Angry Samoans with a rock-a-billy edge. An interestingly shallow set performed with much fervor.

The act most had surprisingly come to see were Detroit's Laughing Hyenas. Having experienced them once at the Diamond Club with Sonic Youth, I knew what to expect. The bizarre appeal they hold for me is that vocalist John Brannon once headed up a hardcore band called Negative Approach, in which he did actually sing. Now entering the realm of sonic guitars and tribal drum beats, Brannon screeches incoherently with all his might, deafening every inebriated listener. The mood set by this eerie 'music' reminds me of Joy Division. Brannon looked horribly strung out on hellous chemicals which I assume is part of his 'stage persona' (zombie-like). As I sat and attempted to discern a single solitary word from his hybrid repertoire, I felt like a parent listening to his son's Metallica tape: "...why all this bloody screaming and yelling is giving me a headache!" However,



Nomeansno.

upon a fifth listen you find your Dad buys his own copy. Guess I just gotta develop an ear for incoherence!

Aub Glazer

The Campbells, The Stand, and a cornucopia of musical croissants

Tycoon

March 10

The first time I ever entered the Tycoon, this guy walked by me with a jambon croissant and a cappuccino, so I knew right away it wasn't a rock n' roll bar. I mean, hanging plants, a fireplace, chandeliers and marble-topped tables. With the addition of a fez check this'd be a good place for a Shriner's convention.

I missed the Stand, but if you've got nothing better to do right now than defrost the fridge, or buff the dog (Jerry Jerry joke) then you should definitely check out my review of their new demo in the "For Cassettes Only" column. The three members of the Campbells, Matt on guitar and vox, and the singing rhythm section of Dom and Bruce, who both have the facial hair of weird religious mystics, haven't been playing for very long, and this lack of experience can hurt some of the tunes.

But these guys show some promise in mining the Minneapolis pop-to-raunch ratio, and certainly the first few Husker Du albums were nothing to make your nipples hard, so I figure these guys deserve a definite wait and see on the ol' rock potential meter. And hell, Dom the bass player guy, did an improv punk version of *Puff the Magic Dragon* that made me pee my bikini briefs.

Anyways, enough of this nice guy stuff. These two bands fared a lot better than some of the other musical travesties I've seen at the Tycoon lately.

One group, the Me and You Revue, transformed the place into a third-rate Vegas showbar, complete with black velvet paintings of Sammy

Davis Jr. and Wayne Newton, while the audience turned into a convention of orthodontists, drunk sphincters in loafers and Hawaiian shirts.

No Man's Land, a french accent group, started their set with the old Ted Nugent battle cry of blatant buffoonery, "Does anybody want to hear some

rock and roll?" Yeah sure, but not when it happens to be a version of *Born To Be Wild* with a reggae intro. They also nailed a few more spikes into

Howlin' Wolf's coffin, with some fancy shmancy white boy blues, no swing

to it, and mainly just an excuse for some five minute solo's, and plenty of

fancy stops and starts which sounded like Elvis busts and leopard figurines being smashed on Ledbelly's tombstone.

However, near the end of the night, on a majestic, all-chorus-pedal pop tune, which instantly gave me three cavities and featured a sublime, Bono-

esque rhyming couplet, emotion and devotion, mannequin angels descended from the ceiling and began to lift the band up towards the Valhalla of

Euro-pop deities, and you just know Bryan Ferry would be there in a slightly rumpled smoking jacket. Such was our joy

that all of us audience members joined hands, ran outside, and began making angels in the snow. Yes, to improvise on the old Tom T. Hall classic... I love little baby ducks, coffee in a cup, and sperm banks.

"Life is tough, but then again so is snowshoeing." Not Baudelaire.

"I got waffles, I feel good." Not James Brown.

Blake "Hoss" Cheetah

Ripcordz, Drones, Elementals Gertrudes

March 4

Me mate Paul and I were in this rock 'n roll band, see. We met in art school like, and we started muckin' about. We was called the Ripcordz an' we made a lot of noise for three blokes. But then one day I had me bass pinched didn't I, so's I had to drop out of the band. We wuz gettin' well known—had t-shirts, the whole bit.

So ya can imagine 'ow I felt when I heard the band was back together again. I went an saw them at Gertrudes. They was playing first on the bill and it was a good thing—something this excitin' ya don't wait for.

They've got a new drummer and bass player and they're tryin' hard to be the band in town with the least amount of hair. After two songs the bass player broke a string and they took a break to fix it. Usedta be the guitar player broke strings. Anyway, they got this waitress see, and she got up there and did this Ethel Merman impersonation singing *God Bless America*.

It was a night of classic tunes. After the bass got fixed they started playing *Some Enchanted Evening*. It was great 'coz I didn't recognize it at all. The band was great, loud, hard and fast. The drums sounded like the falling of Jericho, the guitar was like an army of chainsaws cutting through prison bars, and the bass made me friend's fillings drop out. They played some new stuff and classics like *Circular Motion* and *Long Dark Train*. Yeah, great stuff. Froth, froth thrash froth.

There was a couple other bands on the bill, the Drones and the Elementals. They were pretty good too. Good sounds, good words, good presentation.

Ripcordz, ou.

Brendan Cahill

Black Sheep, Ward's Island, Bourbon Tabernacle Choir

The Diamond

March 9

The three bands were really well-matched for this show.

Black Sheep is your average, everyday rock band. Bluesy middle-of-the-road type shit. Pretty boring, but not offensive. Their lead guitarist changed shirts and became (no, not Superman) the frontman for Ward's Island. Amazing what a good change of clothes can do. Ward's Island is a very talented roots rock 'n' roll band (but with a real dumb name).

The headliner was the Bourbon Tabernacle Choir. Just try to say that fast-Berberacker mean anything to you? They start the set as a ten-piece group (three horns, 2 vocalists, etc.) and are really strong. Unfortunately, they do most of the show with only six members.

Their best feature is one that is only partially used, though, and she's the only female member, Kate Fenner, who has a most incredible and unusual voice. However, the lyrics are well written and the songs well-composed. The Bourbons may be the only worthwhile thing ever to come out of North Toronto—other than my boyfriend Mark, whom I love dearly and who will withhold sex if I don't add this.

Blue Smith

The Furies, Masochistic Religion

Ei Mocambo

February 8

The show started very late for a Wednesday night—the Furies had a little problem finding Dan, their singer, but eventually he was located in the women's washroom fixing his makeup.

Dan is really a bit much... very coy (or something), acting like a little girl. The guitarist stood with his back to the audience the whole set. Maybe his patch cord was too short. One can only suppose. Their music, though, is very much like Bauhaus and quite good. But you have to close your eyes to be really objective. As a matter of interest, as far as I know the Furies have only played two clubs and in both cases were told never to return (at the Slither, the bassist slugged the soundman).

Masochistic Religion was completely different. The effect of the band is that of the Velvet Underground, but more advanced musically. Ophelia Faith, the guitarist who also sings a couple of songs reminds me of Niko. The band's music is varied and original, with a lot of emphasis on raunchy guitar and not much on vocals.

This version of Masochistic Religion bears no resemblance to the independent cassette that frontman Morgan Morgann released last year—the band has been completely repopulated.

Blue Smith

NomeansNo

Siboney Club, Toronto

March 25

Whoever decided to label NomeansNo a hardcore band was prematurely presumptuous. Sure, NomeansNo have the ability to break land-speed records. So? Let's face it—NomeansNo are way too jazzy/funky/serious/dare-I-say arty to be called a hardcore band.

So the next question is: Why do you suppose so many hardcore people show up to their shows? Maybe it has something to do with the fact that they're on Alternative Tentacles. Maybe it has something to do with the fact that they have short haircuts. Maybe (actually quite possibly) it's because the lyrical content of their songs deal in alienation, hate/love, anger/angst and basically, growing up with keen perceptions of festering family life.

NomeansNo are probably the most dynamic band in Canada right now (or at least from the West Coast).

Seeing them live is an experience that seems to have become a little confusing. They play great, amazing in fact, but there's something notable happening when what is commonly known as "THE PIT" all of a sudden ceases and the audience stands with

mouths agape, unsure what to do next. Maybe it's time to start listening. Brings back memories of recent Meat Puppets shows.

P.S. Marlboro

Jimbo Jenkins, Signs of Life, Push Me Pull You, Imperial Force Loyola Campus Centre

March 17

The only reason that this concert was billed as a "Reggae Bash" was the featured act, Imperial Force. This was, in fact, a concert arranged by the Concordia Music Club to promote three brand-spanking-new musical groups.

Jimbo Jenkins started the concert. While I was stealing equipment in the back room, I happened to see a Dead Kennedys logo prominently painted on the bassist's case. So I suppose I had reason to be startled by the country songs that they launched their set with. Actually, those songs were mighty good. The vocalist was obviously most comfortable with these, but the band's set was actually quite diverse, with a foray into punk and a potentially more imaginative rendition of the BeeGees' *Staying Alive*. One final note—if you can't do a drum solo without losing tempo, don't try one.

Next were Signs of Life. Now, I'm probably not the best person to review this type of music: they're a mainstream pop group fronted by one of those impossibly clean-looking rickastalike lead singers. Watching them, one couldn't escape a sense of Blue Peter risen from the grave. However, the music was tuneful and well-performed and the frontman shows a promising stage presence. And, as far as I'm concerned, the absence of any keyboard junk can only help.

Push Me Pull You, apart from having the best name of any of the acts, had a potential for some really crunching rock 'n roll, as seen in the cover of Hendrix's *Fire*. In the meantime, I'll settle for above-average melodies and more subdued rock originals that made up the majority of their brief set. Their mellow version of AC DC's *You Shook Me All Night Long* was a nice touch.

But, of course, what's a reggae bash without an actual reggae band? The headliner and the main draw, Imperial Force are not the most original ("...blame South Africa... Ku Klux Klan, we don't want them... etc.), but they certainly have that reggae feel down pat, and that's what counts. It was rhythmic food for the feet and melodic delight for the ears.

There was also some guy who came on stage twice to recite some rather ominous poetry. And with those nice comfortable chairs in the back of the hall, who could ask for anything more?

Dave McIntyre

Pale Priest of the Mute People, Birth Defects, Hazy Azure

Le Tycoon

March 3

Three of the youngest, loudest, angriest bands in the city playing in a place that probably looks a lot like your parents living room. Firstly, the place was too small and secondly, the wildlife paintings and neon fixtures were a little distracting as other aspects (\$10 a pitcher??) of Le Tycoon's yuppie bistro. I'm not blaming anyone, just a warning about the space as a venue.

The show was okay. The not-so-new kids on the block, Pale Priest of the Mute People, were on first. They had trouble starting up and sound problems but they didn't lack enthusiasm and they burst (?) with great material. I first saw them a year ago at the Black Lite and it would seem the guys are plagued by the p.a./power gods.

At both last year's and this month's show, the band was well rehearsed and ready to blast our senses, but they ended up getting screwed by the sound system. The power kept dying, going out at last April's Dead Man's Jam and at the Tycoon show the vocals were sacrificed. Keep an eye out for The Priest at another date. Sooner or later.



Ripcordz.

PHOTO: Steve Doucet

they'll kick (I heard they did this at Maison des Jeunes March 18th). Best described as Misfits/Meanmen influenced, my fave cut is *Home Before Dark*.

Birth Defects played next. Good energy, good ideas and 'nuff said.

Third and most fun, I am told, were **Hazy Azure** (that's like assure). This is where LQ takes over:

"The funniest thing! Ig and Trevor can't stop moving and Ig's singing Ha Ha Ha. It's amazing. Ace (still calls him Ace) just stands there looking cool." I think he ended off with something along the lines of Brilliant but he's biased. See the March ish of Rear-Garde for The Hazy Azure manifesto.

Joanna Banana & My Mr.-4.

Proclaimers
Club Soda
March 3rd

Show starts 9:30 so, being British, I get there 9:25 only to find a queue and that the Griffins had already started to play. So bang goes my Proclaimers free album for being one of the first fifty in the place.

So the place is packed, bar full (tho I managed to find a stool from which to view the stage), and yet another empty dance floor. The audience were all tapping—it's not that they weren't liked but in London people would walk across the floor perhaps shout abuse. I can't believe the subterranean attitude of Montreal audiences. So safe, supported by chairs and tables, or is it that I'm comparing the alcohol intake?

Anyway, the Griffins were boppy and poppy nothing new, and slightly over practised. Too well formed, they lacked originality but were cheerful and deserved a dance appreciation at least. The floor was big enough, perhaps people like being squashed here. Anyway I would not see them again but without them there would be no comparison to make. A half-hour break and The Proclaimers enter stage.

The audience attitude gained a surge of energy and ran to the stage, a warm up number was not necessary.

Tambourine, accordian and good percussion led the way as Celtic whoops of pleasure bounced round Club Soda. Clear vocals and wonderful harmonies came from the two boys' effortless stance. This accentuated the Griffins lack of energy.

The Proclaimers exuded warmth and my Scottish blood raced, the Highland fling was welling up inside me. Their message was clear uncomplicated love, struggle for culture, poverty and life, very inspiring. The encore of *Oh Gee* lasted 10 minutes or more, much appreciated by the crowd.

The Proclaimers are not to be underestimated. They made me buy the album.

Deborah

Dreamlandscape
SAS Club
February 23

The evening took place at a new venue. The SAS, on Mayor St., as yet to prove itself as an interesting concert club (lots of potential going down the drain, as last heard of...). Nevertheless, Dreamlandscape drew an estimated 200 people to the evening. The whole night went smoothly, the crowd being there to support "good friends" didn't mind the rather long wait. Dreamlandscape's fans as it seems are composed of a very high majority of francophones which makes for a different ambiance... on the other hand the

show had nothing to do with the whispers of Brigitte Bardoe!! (Huh?—ed.)

Their show was slick and powerful. Don't be mistaken, this group will not break the New Sound Revolution, Dreamlandscape are not an underground band to stay along the lines of underground. They are simply one of the best incarnations of Montreal's maturing independent scene. Dreamlandscape has absorbed and re-spun with the right feel bands like Led Zeppelin and Cream without missing the '80s. At times they remind me of the Chameleons U.K. They were joined on stage by a sax player to cover their album song *Sacred Fire*. They're unpretentious and worth more than lots of the stuff we import.

Herbert 92X

Jane's Addiction
Barrymore's, Ottawa
March 4

"As you can tell, we are a band who really does not give a shit"—thus spoke Parry Farrell. These words pretty much summed up what the band and the night were all about.

Jane's Addiction is currently one of the most hyped bands around. The question is has it gone to their heads? The answer—totally, outrageous (\$28) t-shirt costs and their pretentious "we won't do an interview with CKCU-FM (the local campus/community radio station that co-sponsored the show) cause we don't want to be misrepresented by the press" attitude. One final example of enlarged ego was Farrell's announcing "we deserve it", throughout the show, in response to the crowd's cheering.

But do they? The question comes down to whether they can pull off their latest album *Nothing's Shocking*, in a live situation. They can, and they do, but only when they want to. Jane's Addiction did come together as a cohesive unit when they played *Pigs in Zen*, *Idiots Rule Ocean Size* and *Mountain Song*.

Other tracks performed included *Nothing's Shocking*, *Summertime Rolls Standing in the Shower Thinking* and a mangled hybrid cover combining the lyrics of *Like a Rolling Stone* with the slow instrumental bit in the Butthole's version of *Sweet Loaf*, and the main guitar riff of Bauhaus *Burning From the Inside*. Due to a sometimes muddy mix, the latter dissection was only possible after studying a bootleg tape of the concert. Pet peeves aside, the band were enjoyable. They were unexpected and imaginative and that's what saved the night.

Some might bitch that the sound sucked and that the band were shrouded in dry ice most of the time, but the fact is even though they're chaotic, they're new, they're different—fresh air in a near still-born music industry. And they know it. Their attitude can be irritating, but it fits their enigmatic image.

It doesn't come as any surprise and you even get the feeling that most of the attitude is tongue in cheek. Their cracks about their Grammy nomination—"we paid a lot of money for it" and a dedication to the WWF's lovely Elizabeth were evidence of a sense of humour.

The band is worth seeing. Don't expect precision—expect spontaneity, an attitude, an edge, and a hint of violence. Jane's Addiction a smoke-induced hallucination—the ultimate art-phag band.

GRIM



Pankreas. PHOTO: Shawn Scallen

Rock Against Racism
Amherst Tavern
March 11

A good cause backed with seven bands for six bucks... I couldn't turn that one down. After a loud and fast first night, I had high expectations for this show. They were surpassed by some of the best new bands I've seen in town. They ought to have more of these benefits, as they are a good way for new bands to reach an audience.

Like Friday, the show started about an hour and a half late, after a few futile sound checks (the sound system was terrible). **Leave It To Beaver** opened the show with a short off-beat set. I mean literally off-beat; they seemed to keep losing each other. The singer looked a lot like a vacuum cleaner salesman or something like that. After the first song or two, a guitar string gave in, and the show was stopped while the band looked for a substitute guitar. The band had some interesting things going in their songs, and *Cheap Wine* could have been a good song if the band ever decides to wake up and get their act together.

Hugh Groove experience followed the Beaver. Guitar player John had some good licks, but he's a little too reminiscent of Leslie West, and you could sense a heavy influence of Mountain over the whole band, but there are much worse bands to adopt one's style from. Their set featured a few really good songs like *You're Not Here*, and a couple of others.

Stratejackets came on next with one of the better sets of the night. Well-played heavy rock at its best. Their second song was a great and somewhat altered version of Sesame Street's *Capital I, Bring Down The Walls* and *Remember A Day* were also very good songs. Their closing number, a cover of **Black Sabbath's Fairies Wear Boots** has made the band one of my favourites. Their style was vaguely reminiscent of old Sabbath and Deep Purple, from when they were both good. I hope they play again here soon.

Bliss took the stage and ripped through a frantic set, being lead by the singer from **Fail-Safe**. They had some interesting songs and somewhat dismal lyrics. The singer was charismatic, but the rest of the band didn't seem to reflect much of his enthusiasm. Their music had been getting faster and faster, as had it been all night, then **High Yellow** went on. They are about the fourth band I've seen recently using dancers as a side show of sorts. Maybe this will become the next trend. The band themselves were great, especially the guitar player and singer. Interesting costumes... Their music is kind of hard to categorize (although it's metalish like everyone else), but maybe it's better that way.

Infamous Bastards played next, despite whining and pouting from members of **Buzzards Of May** and their groupie entourage, imported from the band's native New Hampshire. Both bands could have played a little longer, and things gone a lot smoother if they hadn't wasted so much time complaining about who should go on first. So **Infamous** had to cut their set down to three



A happy Ottawa crowd.

PHOTO: Shawn Scallen

songs, but at least they did them well. I hope they become more popular as they deserve a larger audience and only recently started getting good receptions.

Buzzards concluded the show, and got to play a lot longer than they said they would be able to. They were a little like **High Yellow**, and I almost hate to say they were pretty good, because they put out such bad vibes. All in all, though, the entire night (and Friday) proved to be a great success.

Erik Twilight

Chinese Backwards, Rain
SAS Club
March 2

As a newcomer to Montreal, **Chinese Backwards** was the first gig I attended. At approximately 11pm my companions and I entered the newly decorated space-age come neolithic club.

Being in a band once myself, I have grown tired of support bands, and hoped **Chinese Backwards** would be on soon. However **Rain**, an unscheduled support according to **Chinese Backwards**, played an arduous set of one and a half hours. They became rather unappealing as chord changes lacked practice; their monotonous songs merged into a menagerie of a jamming session. Bad timing and exuberance of young egos showed their inexperience, mocking perhaps Bauhaus. They need to cut the set dramatically; as they say, less is more. My only bow goes to the guitarist, who should hide for a few months and re-emerge with another more serious band.

Chinese Backwards, after a shattered limelight and possibly drained after **Rain**, finally appeared on stage. Most of the audience had dispersed, and the band was pretty peeved with **SAS** management for not informing them of the unwanted **Rain**.

A short sharp shocked set of only 40 minutes or so was well received. They were clear, fast, energetic and have their own uniqueness. The female keyboardist was melodic, and the band played good dance music, although I was only one of perhaps five that dared enter what appeared to be a gladiator stadium to the meek audience.

The drummer held the entranced dance beat, but the vocals were lost. A more professional band, **Chinese Backwards** need a bigger more energetic audience, and more respect from the management.

Award goes to punter X for best hair cut. Congrats to guy with sonic sheep shlocks hair-do.

Deborah

Mere Image, Star Tactics
Station 10
March 24

Mere Image have developed a devoted following of **Dancing Fools**, and deservedly so, as the band fills in a distinct hole within the Montreal music scene. Their sound is somewhere between folk and rock with hints of jazz and funk thrown in for good measure. The wide range of styles within the group are a result of the diverse songwriting of George Wolfe (bass and vocals), who's songs rely on a strong, danceable beat, and Kevin Fox (12 string guitar and vocals), who writes within the spirit of the folk tradition.

To complete the group, the two primary songwriters are joined by Richard McGilly (drums, violin and vocals) and Rodrick

Shearer (electric and acoustic guitars). Only one cover song was heard all evening (*The Kinks' Lola*) as the band alternated styles and moods, keeping the audience in constant motion from their tables to the dance floor and back, right up until last call.

Unfortunately, **Mere Image** got off to a late start, because the opening act, **Star Tactics**, did not seem to know enough about musical instruments to be able to replace a broken string. This criticism is a fair assumption to make, considering their technically deficient cover versions of boring songs. Luckily, the crowd patiently waited and were rewarded by two hours of fun dance music from **Mere Image**, an exciting new, young band.

Rebecca Scott

The Town Cryers, The Whirleygigs, Groove Serum, The Orange Alert, The Acid Corporation
Blue Room, Ottawa University
February 24

It might not be Bruce, Tracy and Sting, but the Ottawa alternative music scene banded together to put on two of the hottest shows of the year; raising over \$1,800 for Amnesty International in the process.

This annual event was started by Oliver Davies and held at Ottawa's first, last, and only all ages club—One Step Beyond. This year, with Davies in Waterloo and One Step no more, the tradition was kept alive by Karina Morrow and Calm Cool Collective, a group of a dozen young folks who have taken over booking bands where One Step left off.

Night one—The Pop Night—featured two of Ottawa's oldest and finest guitar bands—**The Town Cryers** and **The Whirleygigs**, and three young upstarts **Groove Serum**, **The Orange Alert** and **The Acid Corporation**. More than 200 people showed up over the course of the evening.

The Acid Corporation opened the show with a unique style of synth-rock, coming across like a punk version of the unholy union of 54:40 and **Skinny Puppy**. Although they ran out of time (all sets were limited to 45 minutes, as egos were checked at the door) and could only do an eight minute version of *Inagaddadavida*, they did perform most of their hits like *Masturbation Chamber* and *Sold Drugs to Jesus*. The highlight of their set was a drummer and lead vocalist switch which let percussionist Gord belt out an original blues/rap number—*Bean by Bean*. Overall they put on a very solid first public performance.

Groove Serum, comprised of former members of **The Hint** and **The Buzzards**, took the stage next, taking the audience on a "trip" back to the late sixties. They did four originals and five covers ranging from Elvis' *Girls, Girls, Girls* to The Velvet's *What Goes On*. Vocalist/guitarist Andrew MacNeill's boyish exuberance kept the set going at a good clip and the energy level at a peak. The only indication that this was the band's first gig was the lack of foresight in making their set list. Other vocalist/jangly guitarist Greg Watson found himself switching from twelve to six strings every other song. Other than that minor fault, this foursome gave the best musical excuse to drop acid I've heard in a long time.

Speaking of jangly guitars, **The Whirleygigs**, Ottawa's answer to Athens,



Grave Concern. PHOTO: Shawn Scallen

Georgia was up next. This was the first time I've ever seen The Gigs, who have been around for around three years and two albums. From all audience accounts, this was their most energetic and rockiest performance yet. People I spoke to were amazed that lead vocalist/guitarist Alex Mortimer, and the rest of the band for that matter, were putting on a show and jumping around. The band had fun. The audience did too, even starting a pit—probably a first for a Whirleygigs' show.

Ottawa's "Mods From Hell", The Orange Alert were up next. They've only been around for six months, but in that time they've managed to do at least ten gigs. Just enough time to perfect a half-dozen of their own songs and double that in Creation, Prisoners, James Brown and Animals covers. As usual they were smartly dressed, with between song banter as witty as ever. Sitting on the stage looking up at the audience felt like a flashback to Brighton circa 1964. I'm glad I forgot to grease my hair and that I left my feathers at home.

The Town Cryers rounded out the evening with their down-home roots rock and roll. From their stage antics, the good natured ribbing of band members to gunning the audience down with their guitars, they seemed to have the best time on stage of all bands. They were the epitome of the mood of the evening. Good fun for a good cause.

Shawn Scallen

The Trapt, Grave Concern, Bliss, Neanderthal Sponge, Pankreas, Blue Romm, Ottawa University February 25

The audience doubled for night two of the Amnesty International Benefit—The Punk Night—with more than 400 people making their way through the doors over the duration of the evening.

Pankreas opened the evening with their overtly political hardcore. Singing in French, they made their usual hits on authority figures and the status quo. From their first song til the end of the night a pit of around fifty moshers, slammers and thrashers went through their circular rituals.

Neanderthal Sponge followed, for their first gig since last summer when they lost their drummer to a foreign University. With weeks of jamming behind them, the new lineup was as tight as ever—John Drew solving the percussion problem quite nicely. Sponge debuted four new songs like *Fish* to political commentaries like *Bill C-54*, which was sent out to Mr. Rushdie. Except for *Demonic Circus*, a punk/reggae tribute to the Bad Brains, the Sponge sound comes close to a rough Husker Du wall of sound with less melodic melodies and more abrasive vocals.

Bliss, from Montreal, were next on the bill. Any regular reader of RearGarde already know who's in the band and how incredibly intense they are on stage; so I won't bore you with adjectives.

Two songs after welcoming the audience to the land of bliss, a minor skirmish broke out in the audience, stopping the show until Chuck, one of the combatants, was removed. Off stage Iain commented that Chuck's problem was that he wasn't in love. This is probably the closest anyone has come to doing a Ricky Lee Jones cover in years.

One other item of note, this, Bliss' third show, saw the unveiling of Iain's newest friend, a sock/snake/handpuppet called Mr. Wormy.

Iain's zest for theatrics carried over to Grave Concern. Lead singer Warren Peace



Dreamlandscape.

PHOTO: Simon Roy

pounced out onto the stage in a grip reaperish get-up. His face painted up like a skull, wearing a bald wig with a scraggly black fringe. Following his cue, the band ripped into *Still The Same* and the audience ripped into a non-stop moshfest. Everything from old Harmonic Plague stuff to new Grave Concern material was covered. *April Acid*, the band's newest track was premiered. This song, as well as most of their new ones are sitting in a reel of audio tape, just waiting to be pressed. If anyone needed an excuse to take their show on the road, Grave Concern does—drummer Yarek Hammer is the most proficient percussionist I've seen. He, Pat, Warren, Marc and Rob are a well-oiled piece of loud machinery.

The subject of recording brings us to Ottawa's oldest surviving Punk band, The Trapt. They have a four song seven-inch due out now. They also have a 14-track LP slated for summer release. A few older songs like *Car Bomb* and *Bored* made their set of primarily new material. They weren't at their best due to illness, but they still rocked hard, in the melodic punk vein of The Clash and Stiff Little Fingers. Guitarist Colin Hodges had a serious chest cold but managed to plug away anyway. The only major differences were that he kept his shirt on throughout the set and his backup vocals were a little under par.

So there you go. Maybe next time the *Human Rights Now* tour will hit Ottawa. But then again, what difference would it make. I think 600 mods, punks, rockers, rude boys, etc. have far more social conscience and concern for such an issue than a stadium full of boss-worshipping yuppies.

Shawn Scallen

Me, Mom and Morgentaler, Infamous Bastards
Foufounes Electriques
February 24

Following in the RearGarde tradition, and thanks to Annie, I arrived to the show slightly late. Me, Mom and Morgentaler had already taken the stage at a packed Foufounes. They displayed their versatility and confirmed the rumours of being Montreal's foremost ska band. Their no-cover set was a pleasant change, however I missed *Lorraine*. All those attempting to skank found it difficult due to the large crowd, thus ended up pogo-ing. Even though I missed the first half of their set, from what I saw and what others told me, it was Me, Mom and Morgentaler's (i.e. Skasha's) tightest performance yet.

Last time I had seen Infamous Bastards was at the memorable Sham 69 concert and then, as now, they seemed victims of a bad lineup booking. Don't get me wrong, I feel it is a good idea having shows with different musical styles, but ska and speedcore? Half the crowd just came for the second band and the other half sat around or left when Infamous Bastards came on.

Anyway, Though I'm not much of an Infamous Bastards fan, they did put on a rocking show which included *Fight For Your Right To Party* to start and finish the set. Despite the bouncers feverish efforts, the crowd enjoyed themselves and by the

end of the dance-floor was a mangled, twisting pit of human flesh.

Overall, I was disappointed, not because of bad performances, but because the two bands clashed. Each was good in its own right but the two did not form a whole. My advice to the bands is: Next time play with someone of the same musical style, and Chico, cut your hair.

Jolly John

Me Mom & Morgentaler, The Griffins, Sons of the Desert
March 11

McGill Ballroom

Me Mom and Morgentaler started up and it didn't take long for the crowd to be boppin' and rockin' on the floor. They played their newest song *Fast Cars, Easy Women* and the crowd went mad—the band woke up from their trance on the high stage and the skanking was intense—even those in the back had a go at it. They pulled a skank or die show until, to my despair, my depression and a flash of suicide, they decided to give a political side to their show (personally, I think politics should be banned from shows).

As I recovered from my anxiety attack they played an encore, including the new *Your Friend*, which has a slight reggae feel to it. This ended the show with rumours of the band going reggae—a false rumour as far as I can tell.

Seeing how the Griffins weren't really my cup of tea, I took my trusty pad and asked a few good folks what they thought. I got: "Fucking band", "I'm getting a beer" and "Ya got a cigarette?"

Here's what I say: The Griffins are somewhere between the Smiths and Top 40. They're probably have been good if I was listening to them in a dark room, but they didn't contrast very well after M,M and M's opening set. Near the end, their tunes did pick up a bit and the rude comments stopped. They should drop their bluesy tunes and push-the boppin' ones.

Sons of the Desert proved that all rumours of them slowing down were false. They began with this *Carnival* song which is a call to all skankers and disco-doers alike. Blaring disco lights, trumpet screaming, guitar twisting—it was an incredible beginning.

These folks have obviously tightened up since the last time I saw them (in '87). The crowd were hoppin'—they have a rep. for slammers and that hasn't changed at all. They've added tricks like a smoke machine and disco lights... until Naomi screamed "Shut the damned lights off!"—who wants disco lights anyhow.

The guitarist managed to pull off playing and drinking in the same motion, and the band added a new theory about love: "Love dries up quicker than cum." A statement on modern relationships.

In short, the band pulled off a show that rocked just like the good ol' days at Station 10. Don't hesitate to go out and see them.

The show was well worth the \$6.98 and two cents you let them keep. The crowd left smiling, and I'd go again and again 'til I'm old and wrinkly. Support your local scene.

Dominic

FILLER



by Warren "Mr. Wonderful" Campbell

In the past this column has gone into dressing rooms of major league baseball to find out if baseball players are really funny and has covered such far reaching subjects as comedy festivals, indoor baseball and even phantom interviews with mimes. I guess you could say that Filler is a sorta Geraldo Rivera of RearGarde. This time I'm going to cover Andy Warhol and modern art in general.

A few weeks ago I was in New York and felt a duty to go to a museum (in between beers of course). The choice was the Museum of Modern Art on 53rd or 54th street, I can't remember which. The big show at MOMA (as art students affectionately call it) was the Andy Warhol exhibit.

We payed out \$3.50 and got to see Warhol's most famous or infamous paintings from throughout his career. There were paintings of everything from tins of Campbell soup (no realation) to realistic-enough portraits of stars such as Marilyn Monroe, Elvis Presley and James Dean amongst others. Most of the others were dead stars of the 50's and 60's. Apparently Warhol's stuff was called "Pop Art." Why, exactly, I don't know, but hey if they had a name for it, great.

It was explained to me that the point that Warhol was trying to make was that he could make anything that was out there into art. In other words, he was laughing at the world and telling us we were all a bunch of jerks. Well I wonder how Mr. Warhol feels in his grave when he sees that thousands of people are now paying \$3.50 to go see a bunch of his paintings that he did upwards of thirty years ago. Instead of rolling over he's probably laying there laughing his head off and going 'I told you so, they are a bunch of jerks.'

Besides some of the weird comments I heard from people checking out the exhibits one of the strangest things I've ever seen happened to me. First some background: For all you non-Warholians, occasionally he did some paintings and would leave the rest of the canvas, or whatever he painted on, completely empty. One such painting was a painting of Marilyn Monroe and he had left one half of the painting completely black.

When I wandered past that painting I and thought to myself, not another Monroe painting, I noticed a lady in her late twenties—so she should have known better—checking out the painting. The only thing was she was staring at the completely black side. I really thought I was missing out on something so I moved closer to take a look and find out the secret. Nothing.

After awhile she moved on to the portrait half and stared at the actual painting. Oh well, I guess I'm not hip enough for some people.

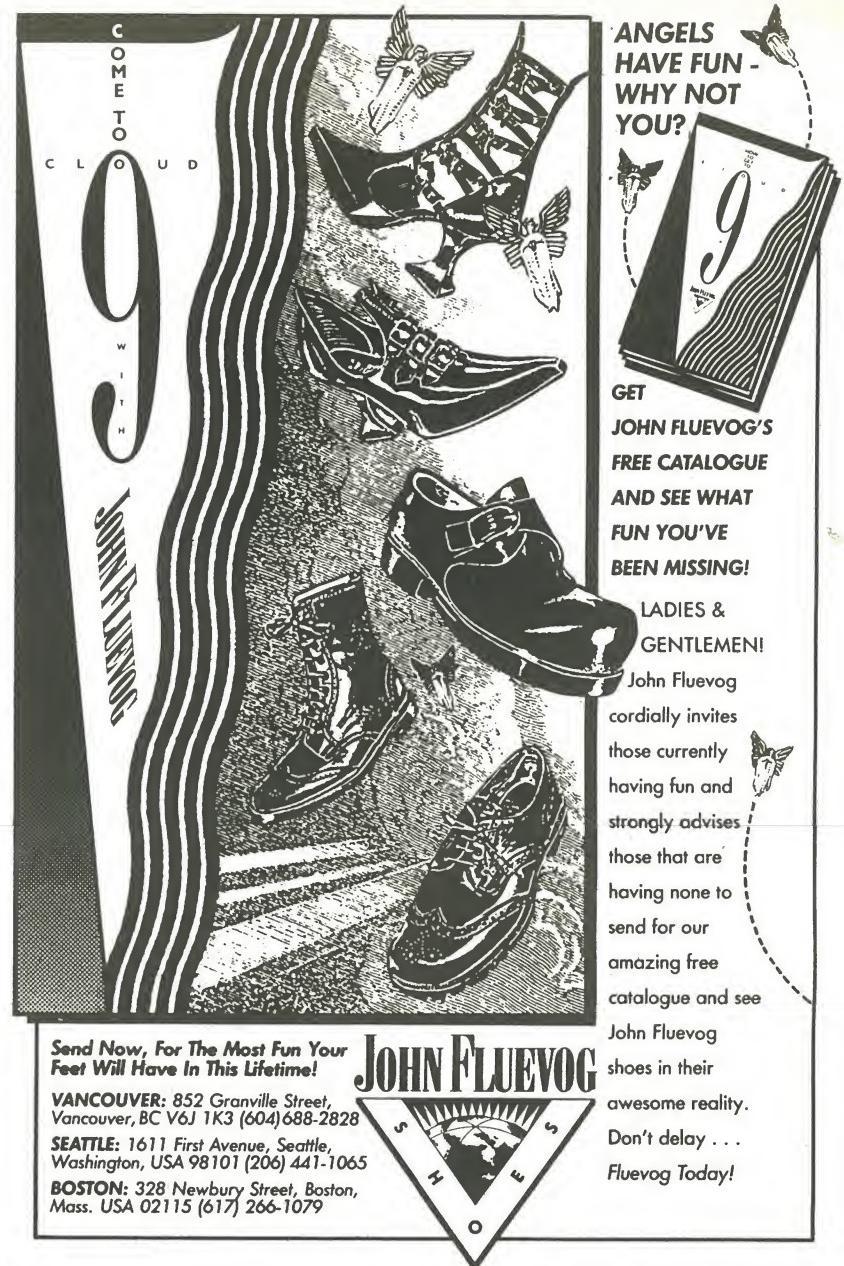
Other peculiarities of the exhibit was Warhol's constant use of annoyingly repeating pictures. He would rarely draw one can of soup or one picture of Elvis but more like 68 of each with subtle or no differences between them. Maybe there was some deep meaning to all this but I'm just missing the point.

Another annoyance was some of the stupid "art" in this place. Stuff like a painting with numbers written all over it. Let me guess—this brings out the degradation of living in the twentieth century or something equally as silly. Also there was an entire wall of boxes painted exactly like the boxes used to hold brillo pads. Wow, awesome, cool, yawn. What next—someone painting little boxes just like kleenex boxes.

Now most of you will probably think, why the hell did I stay if I hated it so much. Well it wasn't all bad. In fact there was a section of the exhibit that featured accidents, suicides and tragedies from the newspapers in New York. The accidents were bloody but the paintings he did were so vivid that I times I believed them to be photographs. The one of a suicide I found disturbing as it caught the man in mid-motion after jumping from a rooftop but the two French guys beside me seemed to enjoy it. They used words like "magnifique" and "incroyable" and "terrifique" while I just stared at it in awe and thought not bad for a guy who made his living painting soup cans.

Hey, Warren "Mr. Bo-Bo Head" Campbell, you may not have noticed but your column was extremely short once again this month. We here in the spacious editorial offices are getting pretty peeved at always having to invent stupid things like this to fill Filler. Please make an attempt to be a little more verbose when you talk about nothing particular.

Thank-you and good night.



FUGAZI EP, CS

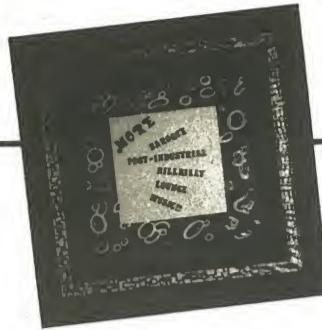
ALL, "ALLROY FOR PREZ..." EP, CS, CD

TRISOMIE 21, "WORKS" LP, CS, CD

FIREHOSE, "FROMOHIO" LP, CS, CD

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**Captain Crunch and Lets Do Lunch,
More Baroque Post-Industrial Hillbilly
Lounge Music!**

Ya can't fool me. There ain't one band here, it's more like a compilation. There's a couple bands with girls singin', a couple with guys, some heavy power-chordin' folks, some Death Rock type stuff, and some weird psycho psychedlihhh goin' down. Kinda like there's somethin' here for everyone, but not everythin' for everybody, or something like that. Lotsa writers, lotsa credits, lotsa sounds, and they spelled Rear-Garde wrong. Me, I like it when they give up on the weird outta tune twangy psycho nose pickin' guitar and use power distortion instead. Best songs start off the too sides: *Goes Without Saying* and *Captain Groovy and his Bubblegum Army* do keep groovin'. And they do a Kool version of the Box Top's *The Letter*, mixing Cowboy Junkies-like cool verses (ugh) with punk rock choruses (yah!). Some other happenin' tunes too, but that psycho guitar twang stuff sounds like reheated Terminal Sunglasses that never gets hot. Keep the female lead, crank that distortion and ya got a great second elpee. (OG, Box 182, Station F, Montreal, Quebec, H3J 2L1).

Johnny Zero



Dik Van Dykes, Waste Mor Vinyl
More of the same. No surprises. I heard it all before. Which means this is one helluva record. Fun fun fast kinda outta tune and the bass drum got lost in the mix (or lost by the band or sumthin'). Kindof like the Ramones if they were trying to be stupid instead of just doing it naturally. A couple more musical twists than their first album, but nothing that screws up the basic stupidity which is what makes this band great. The girl group backing vox are just great—almost in toon, too. *Cubic Zirconia* could be the next *Safety Dance* (well, mebbe not) 'n *Beachcombers* is the final word on Canuck cultchah. This is wot Canadian radio'd be like if Doug and Bob Mackenzie ran the CBC. (OG, Box 182, Station F, Montreal, Quebec, H3J 2L1).

Johnny Zero

Asher D. & Daddy Freddy, Ragamuffin Hip-Hop
Jamaican fast rap-chant vocals over some new electronic riddims and reggae beats. There are traces of American hip-hop, but it's predominantly reggae-influenced. Machine gun delivery of the vocals over repetitive, hypnotic riddims. This disc must sound great in a dance hall with huge speakers. I really like this one. (Profile Records, 740 Broadway NY, NY 10003).

Greg Miller

Charles Brown, One More For the Road
Recorded over 40 years ago, this record still sounds amazingly fresh and clear today. This is a late night blues/lounge type of jazz. Charles Brown's voice croons as he strokes the ivories on his piano. His band includes some great sax, jazz guitar and stand-up bass. Most of this record was unreleased material, although he did have a few hits but

never reached a wide audience. Here's to hoping it will reach a new, younger audience. This stuff is timeless, moody music, good to hear after thrashing or banging yer head too much. (Alligator/WEA).

Greg Miller

Rattail Grenadier

Metal from Middle America. Who really listens to this stuff anyways? Do people in Montreal want to hear the new Rattail Grenadier album, I think not. Certainly not the kids we see in those California beach movies want to hear it... It must be the kids who don't get to hear much new music and are stuck with what's on the radio. I can understand that, this is their Punk Rock and their rebellious music. With song titles like *Me Want Bimbo* and *Life Sucks* you know the writers don't have too much up here (he says as he points to his head). Enough of this, maybe Free Trade will exempt this stuff. (1137 Berkeley Road, Lafayette Michigan 47904)

Warren "Mr. Wonderful" Campbell

Michel Jonasz, La Fabuleuse Histoire De Mr. Swing

This is the type of artist that Musique Plus plays when they want to increase their demographics. His video would probably look like he was in a room and contemplating while looking out a window. The music is probably classified as Adult/Contemporary or something like that. Don't worry, no reader of this paper will ever want to buy this album, I'm pretty sure of that. (WEA)

Warren "Mr. Wonderful" Campbell

Mr. Magic's Rap Attack, Various Volume IV

Based on those classic K-Tel albums of the 70's this is a compilation of what's hot in the Rap scene. Like the K-Tel comps there's not that much new in here. All of the stuff has been released previously but some of it has even been released on other labels. In today's corporate music world that is a surprise, labels rarely release competitors product. The biggest name acts on this album are Public Enemy, Salt 'N' Pepa, Kool Mo Dee, Run DMC and 8 others. All the selections are either the hits or the near hits from these artists and all the artists are presented with equal billing. This would be a great album to give to the beginning Rap fan, and why not check out the other three volumes. (Profile Records, 740 Broadway NY, NY 10003).

Warren "Mr. Wonderful" Campbell

Lucky Peterson, Lucky Strikes

By looking at the album cover you'd guess this is a re-issue of some blues album from the late 60's but that just isn't the case. Lucky Peterson is one of the new breed of blues musicians like Robert Cray. In fact this record sounds lot like Mr. Cray. The songs are mostly quite fast-paced up-tempo numbers although there are a couple of slower tunes. Besides his smooth-sounding vocals, Lucky also plays a very clean-sounding guitar as well as keyboards. I particularly like his keyboard style. He has that Hammond organ sound which is rarely heard these days. It looks like there's a bit of a blues revival going on. (Alligator Records/WEA)

Selim

White Zombie, Make Them Die Slowly

Don't let the album cover and song titles fool you, White Zombie are not a speed metal band. I don't really know what they are. All their so-called songs are boring, slow, plodding and grungy sounding experiments in noise. The vocals are raw and ugly. The recording is bad. The musicians can't play their instruments and their lyrics are really negative. In fact everything about this record is just so bloody depressing, it makes me wonder how bands like this are able to put out records, and what kind of person buys them. (Caroline Records, 5 Crosby Street, New York, NY, USA, 10013)

Selim

Live Skull, Positraction

New freshness directly from Live Skull—their best album ever. However, the new direction for the band tastes like New Folk. There's surprises in every song with sizzling new sounds—they never stop to develop their sound by homogenizing things in production. For old fans, it's a super album. For other sound chasers who like raw and fresh sounds, I suggest you give it a try. Good music inbetween your third and fourth beers (or 13th and 14th). (Caroline Records, 114 West 26th street, New York, NY, USA 10016).

Bery

Waxing Poetics, Hermitage

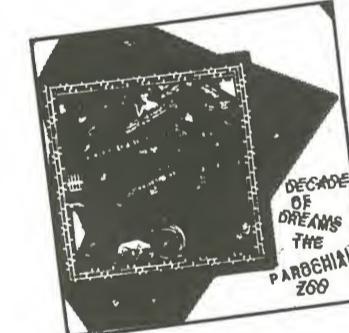
Anti-drug poppish folk band from Norfolk, Virginia who went to New York city for their first studio recording. I heard it through my garage sound system. Not bad, but it smells poppish all over. Easy listening, egg-beater scrambled drums, whipped guitar and medium voice from well-done pop folk. It could be good to listen to at a quarter to noon when you have to go to lunch at 12:12. (Emergo, 161 west 54th Street, Suite 1203, New York, NY, USA 11434).

Bery

Show Of Hands

Folk group from Venice, CA. Two guys and one girl who is a very melodious singer. One of the guys, Randell Kirsch plays about eight instruments. A big studio recording, heavy on production by Kevin W. Smith who put together six guest musicians for the LP. Real folk from the early 70's, it remains the same and borrows heavily from Bob Dylan and Bruce Cockburn. Nice choruses with the band Aahhh'ing through the songs. *Another War* sounds like pop-country with the beat à la mode. If the A-side makes you a little snoozy, flip on the B-side which sounds a little louder and peaks on *Retribution* and *Like Animals*, the most aggressive song. Let's get another beer. (IRS/MCA)

Bery



Decade of Dreams, The Parochial Zoo

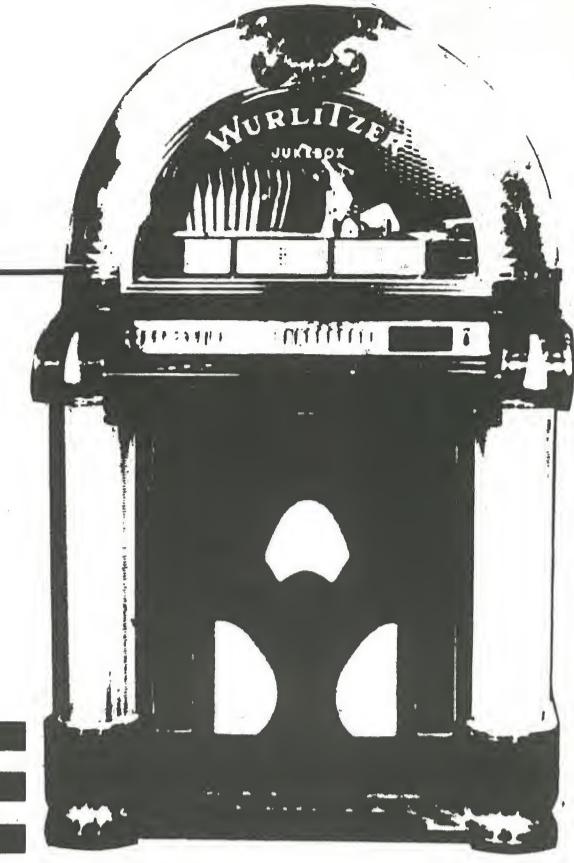
New folk sound but with a lot of hesitation in the beat. They sound a bit like Lou Reed with his style of broken-spoken-sung vocals which are clear and clean, over moody electric rhythm chords that are hidden in the background. New trendy sound mix which sounds like a live studio, recorded in a local garage-bar on a balmy May evening somewhere in the Canadian 'burbs. It's a hip, happy hip-swaying beat. (DTK Records, 224 Brunswick Street, Suite 2, Fredericton, NB, E3B 1G9)

Bery

Karel Fialka, Human Animal

Keyboard artist reminds me of the Korgis with more use of sequencers for a heavily-produced sound. Beep Bop Beats and Jumping Happy Pogo which sounds like the techno-beat of the early 80's. Euro style composition—nothing is left to chance, every note is created digitally and I wonder if he could perform in front of real people in a club. I have to give him this credit: *This City* has a rock beat but too much violin synth makes it sound like Michael Jackson. Also, the song *The Eyes Have It* sounds a lot more like Soft Cell than the rest of the LP. As we go towards the second side, the album sounds more fancy and dandy. The more I listen to it, the more I think he should

ON THE RECORD



be lip-synching to this stuff on Solid Gold. An LP to ignore in the alternative scene and even for those people who drink Youks in Metropolis. (IRS/MCA)

Bery

John Oswald, Plunderphonics

An ironic 4-track vinyl that you can play at any speed, forward or backward, upside down, or with as much alcohol as your system can take. Personally, I consider this great for drunk and tired DJ's who are closing a club at 3 AM (*not in Toronto—ed.*). I listened to it at 33 and 45. I preferred it at 33 because there are so many particles of sound to pick up, even though Mr. Oswald suggests listening to it at 45. He takes parts of Stravinsky, Count Basie, Dolly Parton and Elvis—it's wild, it's crazy, it's serious, it's fresh, and it's almost impossible to describe. He uses so many playbacks and different dubs, that he's the only one to know how the final mix was achieved. He writes on the back of the record "All forms of copying are permitted and encouraged." So why don't you do so, and go wild—it's up to you to make an old song sound new. (Mystery Laboratory, Box 727, Station P, Toronto, Ontario, M5S 2Z1).

Bery

Bhopal Stiffs, E.P.A.

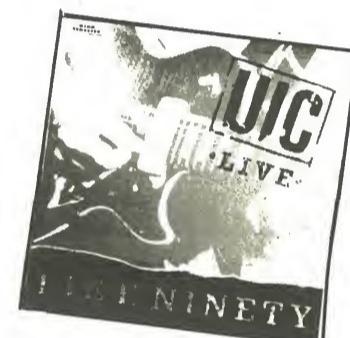
Well crap if this ain't one of the best slabs of pure power I've heard in a long time. Only six toons, but they all motor through the speakers and fill up the place with power chords, power drums and epic Punk toonz. Kinda progresso-type words get lost as the singer screams through all the songs, but you can find the words on the handy little lyric sheet (if you care). Nice production work brings a wall-of-sound attack to the whole thing with nothin' getting lost including the Energy. All in all, a '80-'81 British Punk effect with some weird chord changes and song twists to keep everything interesting. Damn impressive. (Roadkill Records, P.O. Box 37, Prospect Heights, IL, USA 60070-0037).

Johnny Zero

Screaching Weasel, Boogadabooogada-boogada!

Whoa, don't know wots happenin' down in this Illinois place but they sure do have some really good bands. Screaching Weasel zips through 27 songs like Joey Ramone's bastard kids. Rockin' stuff from punk to hardcore to thrash with one big attitude problem. I like it. (Yeah, I know I just gave three out of four raver reviews, but theyz all good this month). (Roadkill Records, P.O. Box 37, Prospect Heights, IL, USA 60070-0037).

Johnny Zero



UIC, Live Like Ninety

I think there's some sort of Punk revival going on judging by the albums we've been getting lately. If so, UIC deserves to lead the pack. Some amazing rock 'n roll is showcased here, with a far better sound and effect than their first record. *Altogether Now* and *Get Red* sound like what Teenage Head always wanted to sound like but never quite reached. All the songs motor (tho a couple do sound a little 70's-ish) right through until someone cuts the tape at the end of *Stations Fading*. And the sound is enough to make me like live recordings—clear, up front, noisy, distinct, and with the occasional missed note that makes it really live. Or alive. Whatever. (OG, P.O.Box 182, Station F, Montreal, Quebec, H3J 2L1).

Paul Gott



Mister Garager's Neighborhood, various
When I was eighteen I had this girlfriend who played in a '60's garage band. The first time we mamboed horizontally was in a basement of this suburban home. The basement was the lair of an old blind farting poodle named Woogie, who walked around belching from his rectum and walking into furniture while we made out. It became increasingly apparent that my foreplay technique was woefully inadequate, the Studds and Chocolate Watchband playing on the tape deck. She was allergic to the poodle's hair and kept blowing her nose all night, although we had a pretty good time

A LITTLE UNDERCOVER WORK



by bURNT bARFETT

At the tender yet meat-eating age of twelve I heard the cry of the circus and went running. I was only ten, but I couldn't help it. Popcorn, cotton candy and peanuts were in my blood and I longed to be part of the brittle and extravagant lifestyle of the circus. So one warm August night I ran away and signed myself up to perform under the big top. My options were slim and it took me a few months to mold myself into the elegant performer that I came to be known as.

At first I was seriously concerned about how I would fit in and measure up to my travelling troubadour friends since my only forte was catching flies in mid-flight and then pretending to eat them. Luckily I was a damn mediocre juggler as well. The curious freudian love/hate relationship with entities smaller than myself coupled with my pathetic juggling talent eventually merged into a glorious and ground breaking circus act.

In no time at all I became an all-star chicken juggler. Chickens were the perfect props they were cute enough to cuddle and compact enough to throw around. I was the first to introduce chickens to an industry dominated by lions, tigers, elephants and other exotic creatures. I became a multi-faceted entertainment machine. But unfortunately I was shunned by the circus community. My fellow circus chums thought that my act was cruel and unusual punishment, especially for the guy who had to clean up all the feathers.

Eventually the tent for my act was shut down and I got the proverbial axe. Which is a hell of a lot safer than the other axe. Throughout my whole circus existence the only truly rewarding experience was when I met Chuckles the Clown. He fell in love with one of my chickens and soon became my only real circus friend. We would spend hours talking about our hopes, my chickens and his salary. Chuckles was making considerably less money than Sylvia the Bearded Woman and it was always a constant source of friction between the two.

Chuckles was probably the only thing that kept me going. But our friendship waned when I left the circus to pursue a career as a writer and the chickens went off to pursue other chickens. But by the looks of how my career is going now they should have gone into writing and I should have been the one to pursue chickens. Years went by but I never forgot about dear old Chuckles. So when I heard about Chuckles' nasty and untimely death I was shocked. I'll have to make a short story long because at this point I really need filler.

After I left, Chuckles missed my chickens so much that he decided to quit the circus and buy a chicken farm. Although Chuckles went into the chicken trade he never lost his sense of humour which happens so often when clowns trade in their colorful overalls for the plain ones.

Anyways the tragedy of his life goes like this... One day right before breakfast Chuckles sneaks into the chicken coop and waits. By the way, coming up is a joke that had been brewing in his mind ever since he met me and was probably the only reason he secured himself a less than lucrative chicken business. Anyways, Chuckles is hiding out, kneeling among his two legged cohorts. His wife got increasingly concerned. After searching throughout the entire farm. She finally gets to the chicken coop, swings the door open and says, "Chuckles, you in there?" Almost bursting with excitement Chuckles screeches back to her, "Nope, no one here but us Chickens!" Three days later Chuckles was stomped to death by an angry cow. So in homage to my only friend in show business the next three album covers that I review will be of a farmish nature. This one's for you Chuckles!

Red Sovine's, *The One and Only* (I know I reviewed this cover two months ago but most of you either don't read this far down the column or have a limited memory) features a sultry Sovine resting his stiff leg on a slab of hometown wood. In the background is a beautiful barn. He casually strums a guitar. Next of the list is **David Grisman's** album *Home is Where the Heart Is*. It features one of the most important aspects of farming today, grass. If I said anymore about the album I would be lying. And now finally for the finale. The **Dead Milkmen's** latest album entitled *Beelzebubba* features a huge chunk of a farmer leaning on his beautiful and slightly baroque tractor.

How closer to Chuckles can I go? Chuckles would be sniffling in his grave if he knew I had devoted a whole column to him and his agrarian way of life.

I don't know why I write this crap. It doesn't even make me feel good or anything.

for a while: watching the Munsters, worshipping Jughead as a patron saint of cheeseburgers, and going for popsicles together. Hell, I even wrote a 60's punk song for her, a ten pound baggie of musical snot in the chorus: "Hey happenin' chick I wanna be your man, hey happenin' chick can I take your hand, hey happenin' chick your skin's so white, hey happenin' chick I'm a dirty fucking card cheat and a hermaphrodite from Mars." Coulda been a classic but I pulled a Jerry Lewis on the rhyme scheme. Epilogue: she became an Amway distributor; Woogie died of gastritis; I went to University and gave up Jughead for Henry Miller. Overall this record is fairly consistent, with a few standout tracks from **U.I.C** and **Thee Fourgiven**, from L.A. I'd be the last hermaphrodite to slag Og records, because they've done a helluva lot for independent music, although limiting themselves to a fairly narrow alley, and the record was also put together by *WhatWave*, a very cool garage music 'zine from London, Ontario. Brian Zelnicker, gouging rock critic at large, commented on the **Gruesomes** contribution, a re-make of the Batman theme, their great innovation being that instead of singing Batman, they sing *WhatWave*. get it, and when their version ended, Brian said: "It lacked in everything." For me, listening to garage stuff these days is kinda like reading Archie comics: I know all the scripts and all the jokes, so it's almost comforting... "hey Mr. Weatherbee look out! Reggie took away the Slippery When Wet sign out of the hallway, oh no, don't slip... too late, yuk yuk yuk." But for me all that garage stuff is deadlier than a flatulent, permed poodle named Woogie. (*OG, P.O.Box 182, Station F, Montreal, Quebec, H3J 2L1*)

Blake "Hoss" Cheetah

Prong, *Force Fed*

I've heard several good reports about this band in the past few months, so I was really anxious to finally get to hear this record. Somehow I just can't figure out what all the hype is about. To me, their sound is really dull, relatively slow metal-influenced hardcore. I would say the pathetic rough vocals are Prong's weakest point, except for the fact that the two instrumentals are probably the most boring songs on this record. OK, so there's one song on the album which I kinda like called *Senseless Abuse* but that's not a good enough reason to buy it. (*In Effect/Relativity Records, 187-07 Henderson Avenue, Hollis, NY, 11423*)

Selim

Doro, *Force Majeure*

This is the first solo album from former **Warlock** singer Doro Pesh, and a mighty fine release it is too. When it comes to women singing heavy metal, nobody even comes close to Doro. She has a more powerful voice than most men and I've rarely heard someone sing with such passion and conviction. Besides, I love her German accent. *World Gone Wild, Angels with Dirty Faces* and *I Am What I Am* are all strong European sounding metal anthems, although they're not quite as intense as some of the stuff on the last Warlock album. She also does a reworked heavy version of **Procul Harum's** *Whiter Shade of Pale*. However, one of the best songs offered here is, surprisingly, the soft and haunting *Beyond the Trees*. It's the kind of tune that can send chills up your spine and bring a tear to your eye. (*Vertigo Polygram*)

Selim

Julian Cope, *My National Underground*

Liking Julian Cope isn't easy. An acid casualty and proud of it, he can be pretentious, obtuse and annoying. However he is often interesting, usually charming and always worth a listen. He's just too talented and sincere to write off. Like any Cope LP this one has its ups and downs. But its ups include *Charlotte Anne*, simply the most stunningly perfect pop song I've heard in a long time. It's the kind of song that you know could be, should be a hit but won't be

'cause there ain't no justice. *5 O'Clock World* and *Vegetation* are both good. Even the overly long title track about Jim Jones is okay. But no Cope record would be complete without its misfires and side two isn't really as good. A cover of a great old **Shadows of Night** tune is a good idea but a waste of time since the original blows it away. However I will give him an E for Effort for having the good taste to try it before *Deja Voodoo* did. (*Island Records*).

David James

Savage Republic, *Jamahiriya*

For all music lovers there are certain records that stand as turning points in their education. Savage Republic's 1982 debut *Tragic Figures* was one of mine. There were strains of punk, psychedelia, ethnic, industrial and even dance instrumentals, all done with lots of percussion, steeldrums, lead pipes, garbage cans and tons of guitar. Not surprisingly they were lumped in with the New York noise scene but the ethnic flavour of this California group showed a different mind set. After a couple of disappointing records *Jamahiriya* proves they've still got it. If this LP isn't as adventurous as the debut it is much more consistent in its focus. It sounds better too, with the guitars making slow majestic sweeps, powerful drumming and ghostly frail vocals. They even do an excellent job on the old *Alternative TV* song *Viva La Rock n Roll*. A simply gorgeous, one of a kind record. *Viva!* (*Fundamental Records*).

David James

Volcano Suns, *Farced*

I believe it was the famous French mime Marcel Marceau who first said, "I'm supposed to be trapped in an invisible box, you fucking idiot." The Volcano Suns, it would seem, are trapped in an invisible box of their own. Rising from the ashes of the brilliant **Mission Of Burma**, drummer Peter Prescott has taken the Volcano Suns through four albums now. Problem is, the Suns have started to take for granted their legendary status as a loose, noisy and fun sorta band and have stopped writing great songs to go along with all the fun. And loose, noisy and fun without the song writing, means we have to listen at least half an album of complete shit. Too bad. These guys used to be great. (*SST Records, PO Box 1, Lawndale, Cal. 90260*)

Richard Bird

Victim's Family, *Things I Hate To Admit*

Remember going to the dentist's office for a filling? How the high speed drill was so intense it made smoke curl up into your nostrils? And the big, slow drill was such a relief that you actually started to groove to it a little bit? And when the nurse said to spit into the tiny urinal/bidet all you could do was drool onto your Dead Kennedy's t-shirt? Well, Victim's Family's second album leaves one in the same state of post-surgical, nitrous oxide-induced euphoria. This San Franciscan trio is so together, so heavy and so rockin' it makes you want to grow your hair real long so it wiggles into your face when your head starts banging uncontrollably. Their weird time changes and chord phrasings bring Jazz to mind, but like Jeff says, anything without a 4/4 beat and bar chords is sneeringly called Jazz in the HC scene. Let's say it's a jazz-influenced, metallic, funkadelic, funny kind of hardcore that can actually be listened to for more than thirty minutes in a row without developing a tumor. (*Mordam Records, PO Box 988, San Francisco, Cal. 94101*)

Richard Bird

Vio-Lence, *Eternal Nightmare*

Pretty heavy metal from this California quintet. Tempo wise it falls somewhere between Anthrax and GBH, leaning towards the latter. Death themes prevalent. Vocals lack oomph. Only seven songs. (*Mechanic Records, G Greene St., 2nd floor, NYC, NY 10013*).

Shawn Scallen

Gang Green, *181B4U*

The title is a takeoff on the Van Halen album *OU812*. For all intents and purposes, these guys have no more common sense or class than do Van Halen. More songs about sex and beer. (*Roadracer Records, 225 Lafayette St., Suite 709, NYC, NY 1012*).

Shawn Scallen

Dead Milkmen, *Beelzebubba*

The first time was funny. The second time was cute. The third time bearable. This time....argh!! More of the same from Philly's finest? Most of the songs are adequate; but they don't really measure up to classics like *Filler of Sole*, *VFW* and *6 Days*. *RC's Mom* and *Stewart* are satirically mysogonistic and homophobic. I find them insulting, and that's coming from someone who likes M.O.D. (*Enigma Records, 2183 Dunwin, Mississauga, Ont L5L 3S3*).

Shawn Scallen

Atrophy, *Socialized Hate*

These guys are pretty rad ... for a metal band. Atrophy thrash as they trash preachers, politicians and prejudice. Killer choruses and sonic solos. *Chemical Dependency* is my pick as the heaviest metal song this year. (*Road Racer Records, 225 Lafayette St., Suite 709, NYC, NY 1012*).

Shawn Scallen

Spongehead, *Potted Meat Spread*

Continuing in Shimmy Disc tradition, Spongehead offers a tongue-in-cheek exploration in the form of pop music. This trio gives a steady rockin' rhythm section underlying everything from sporadic noises of guitars to saxophones in songs like *Thought For a Day* to more generic offerings such as *Rolling Vengeance*. Vocals also vary between songs. However, the best thing about this record's play on the genre of pop music is its ambiguity. Like it's form, the lyrics are everything from a satire on America's politically conservative insanity in *Amerikka* to a more post-modern critique in *I am a Vacuum*. Upon examination, you find there is more to Spongehead than what first meets the ears. This is what makes them great. They give you the goods in a rockin' musical product and you take out of it what you want. What a deal! (*Shimmy Disc, JAF Box 1187, NYC, NY 10116*).

Lyndon Way

Jad Fair and Kramer, *Roll Out the Barrels*

These two veterans of music have gotten together for the first time, along with a whole slew of friends (most notably John Zorn on sax) and put together one simple yet confusing piece of wax. This album is minimalist: This album pushes the borders of over-production. This album sounds as bad as something you'd hear on Top-40 radio (listen to *California*) and almost as good as something you would hear on a *Residents* album (and I'm an adamant *Residents* fan). It is music stripped down to the bones then produced to the point of absurdity. Every song is characterized by relentless whining vocals. It is generic. It is innovative. I like it. I don't. (*Shimmy Disc, JAF Box 1187, NYC, NY 10116*).

Lyndon Way

Dr. Know, *Wreckage in Flesh*

Not the Bad Brain but a vastly underrated quartet from Oxnard, Cal. Their 1986 outing entitled *This Island Earth* remains one of my all-time faves, a punk/metal classic brimming with intellect, wit and power. Three years later they sound much more thrashy but the songwriting is just leaps and bounds above your token thrash product. Definitely an album that will challenge more than the forbearance of your neighbours. Includes a wailing version of *Into The Void*. Buy this or be Shit. (*Death Records*).

Scott Powter

Sacred Reich, *Surf Nicaragua*

This debut album from this young Phoenix band met with much success and this new 4-

for cassettes only

song EP shows a considerable progression in both songwriting and sound quality. The title track is great fun as it takes the *Wipeout* riff into a new dimension and there is a cover of *War Pigs* that defies description, it seems almost... inhuman. While I could do without the Confucious proverbs, their ideology doesn't really bug me and the music is top-notch. (*Metal Blade Records*).
Scott Powter



Stratejackets, Are You Crazy
I don't like this record, even though it's very well done. Great sound from the bass guitar, vocals reminded me of Kinks from the 60's. At one point they sing something like "Words just don't mean anything to me." Taken out of the songs context, I think they applied to most of the lyrics on their record. Guitar sounded like they were played through small Peavey amps, producing a thin rhythm sound. After five months in the studio, I guess we should expect the sharp musicianship on this one. (*DTK Records*, 224 Brunswick St., Suite 2, Fredericton, NB E3B 1G9).

Ewan MacDonald

Poi Dog Pondering
Off the same label as the Rollins Band stuff, and does it kick mighty butt or what? Well, er, no. It's really kinda folky. Lovely string arrangements mesh with hook laden rhythms and out pops a delightful bowl of rooty tunes with a distinct southern taste. Bluegrass turning green. Better throw that out the window, 'cause these guys are from Hawaii. Maybe the name means something on the island but I can't figure it out. That's about it except that this record gets the DJ stamp of approval 'cause it mixes equally well with Joy Division and the Chieftans. Really. (*Texas Hotel/Fringe Product*, P.O.Box 670 Stn A, Toronto, Ont M5M 1G2).

John Sekerka

Purple Helmets, Ride Again
If it's out on New Rose, you know it's gotta be, well, interesting. Let's see, this is a direct recording of a 90 minute set of well known covers churned out in some gawd-for-sakin' pub. Everything from *Woolly Bully* to *I'm a Man*. Could be dull, but it ain't. Right from the get go, the album sparks and damn I'll admit to tappin' my feet even if half the tunes are commercials. Say... that keyboard riff sounds kinda familiar. Just who are these guys? (Flip jacket over). Why it's a couple of the Stranglers, and don't they look smart in those purple helmets. (*New Rose Records*).

John Sekerka

Loop, Fade Out
This thing's been goin' 'round and 'round on my turntable for days and I'm still in a quandry. I hated it on the first day. Just a bunch of rehashed psychedelic feedback. Made my temples throb. I kind of liked it on the second day. Underlying rhythm patterns emerged. It started to make sense. On the third day, I listened to selected cuts. I started to hate it all over again. Give me a couple of months to sort this one out, will ya? (*Rough Trade*, 326 6th st. San Fran., Cal. 94103).

John Sekerka

Robyn Hitchcock, Queen Elvis
He's the man with the lightbulb head, he

turns himself on after dark. Everyone thinks they know Robyn Hitchcock, but I'm the only one. His entire record output is constantly within my grasp and I put it to use frequently. Oh, yeah, the new album. Well, it's not as catchy as *Globe* or *Frogs* but shows a lot more cohesion. *One Long Pair of Eyes* and *Freeze* are dance craze beauties, but it's *Autumn Sea* that harks back to the bizarre *Fegmania* days. As an added bonus, a lovely tale is included on the liner sheet. Peter Buck's guitar is all over this record (yeah he comes with it asshole). It's only a matter of time before we see the R.E.M.H. band. And they'll move to Canada where the water's pure. And they'll play weekly gigs in the immediate area. And they'll come over for tea. And.... (A & M).
John Sekerka

Too Kool Posse, Give 'Em A Sample/Do You Wanna Get Hyped
Rob Base & DJ E-Z Rock, Get On the Dance Floor

A.O.K., Shack It Up/The Signal

I guess James Brown still is and always will be the Godfather of Soul, cuz all these rappers slipped in samplings of various Brown grunts, howls and bass lines. **A.O.K.** even grab some Twilight Zone sound effects. The **Too Kool Posse** are real heavy, telling kids not to get so damn violent at gigs on *Do You Wanna....* and they're definitely my choice pick of the three. **Rob Base & DJ E-Z Rock** (gee kids, figure out their favorite past-time) don't impress nobody with four versions of *Get On the Dance Floor*; they don't really have much to say as far as the communication of rap goes. Pig boys too. **A.O.K.** have fun (not to mention funk) on their songs, with the Godfather behind 'em all the way. Just why so many remixes??! (*Profile Records*, 740 Broadway, NYC, NY 10003).

Lorrie

Guadalcanal Diary

I don't like this record. It's too nice. Nicely recorded drums, nice bass and guitar, the guy has a nice voice, and the whole record has a nice whining sentiment throughout. Good production and musicianship just ain't enough. Give it to someone you don't like. (WEA).

Ewan MacDonald



Slapshot, Step On It

Ex-Negative F/X vocalist Choke gurgles the words out for this, another, Boston straight-edge hardcore band. This effort doesn't measure up, even the addition of ex-SSD bassist Jaime, to their previous *Back On the Map* LP. Most likely Choke, who wrote most of the songs, is mellowing out his writing, with age and marriage. It happens. His singing however, stands out. Possibly vying for the "angriest-voice-on-vinyl award". Like he says, "The guy who shouts the loudest gets all the fame". Played loud enough, you'll find your head thrashing around in a blur. (*TAANG! Records*, P.O.Box 51, Newton, Mass 02166).
Igor Yastremski

Mission of Burma, Forget

They're gone but continuous revenue lives on. A collection of old tunes saying goodbye to their loyal fans. *Forget* is a brutally eclectic collection of atmospheric-jazz-pop-punk. An extremely interesting disc of material that proves how well M.O.B. carved

their own niche in the mass of music mass. The sound of hard-edged jangling guitar, relentless bass, and temple-splitting drums, all complimented by emotional wailing vocals, is unmistakable and unforgettable. For fans this is a great legacy to hold on to. For non-fans a perfect introduction. (*TAANG! Records*, P.O.Box 51 Newton, Mass 02166).

Igor Yastremski

Mallethead

I do not like this record. In real life I hope these guys are nice boys and not the stupid pigs that their lyrics make them out to be. The low end bass guitar and bass drum add little to the sound. You put the guitarist in a room with other metal guitarists, I think his sound would be indistinguishable from the 21 million other players. Vocals are gravelly melodic types. The band gets moving in a couple of places and have a few interesting parts, but I couldn't feel good about recommending it. (*Fringe Product*, P.O.Box 670, Station A, Toronto, Ont M5W 1G2).

Ewan MacDonald

The Coolies present: The Rock Opera Doug
I would like this record more if it wasn't so sexist. If a hundred people started reading this review, I bet that eighty would stop after the first sentence. Okay, so Doug is a skinhead who kills a transvestite chef and steals his money and his recipe book. Doug has the cookbook published and makes bags of cash, then blows it all by the end. Voilà! Distorted guitar meets the Broadway musical. Lots of variety on this one. All of them are great pop numbers. Lots of sounds from acoustic to distorted. Lots of styles, from rap to desperate whine. The usual drum and bass sounds are here too. (*DB Records*, 432 Moreland Ave, Atlanta, GA, 30307).

Ewan MacDonald

Forbidden, Forbidden Evil

I do not like this record. Perhaps Cups and Cakes would give this one a sympathetic ear. I'll call it pathetic. Listen for hyperactive Bee Gees metal vocals, lots of high pitched whee, yee, yee, yah racket. These guys have a really weird good/evil, god/devil complex. Plenty of fast wanking, double bass drums, whammy bar stuff. They did capture my attention with a guitar "chishah" that lasted all of one second. I wonder how they did that. Hmmmm... (WEA).

Ewan MacDonald

Amazing Grace, Entities

I don't like this record. It sounds great. Huge guitar, big drums and a thick glossy bass sound. The vocals are gravelly but powerful, with big gang vocals for back ups. Perhaps I'm mistaken, but if you're into hatred, guns and hints of fascism, then this one's for you. Hopefully they'll bring their powerful sound to MTL, allowing me to figure them out. (*Amazing Grace*, P.O.Box 7129, Hollywood Fla. 33081).

Ewan MacDonald

Anna Domino, Colouring in the Edges and the Outline

The latest EP from this ex-Montreal songbird offers some of the most beautiful harmonizing of her recording career so far. I'm serious—this woman has the kind of 24 track voice that you would sell your soul for. This recording was done in Belgium, where the singer is now based. Domino is no thrash-mama, instead she creates magical surroundings within her songs. The most beautiful one of the five is the song 88—utterly "radiant and terrified", and justly so. Even a fuzzbox 'art vinyl' flipside! A Kate Bush for the jaded underworld? (*Les Disques Crepuscules*, no address available).

Lorrie

Send albums for review to RearGarde, P.O. Box 1421, Station H, Montreal, H3G 2N4. Hey, writers, put the record company address at the bottom of your reviews, willya?

I, Emma (ET), was handed these six demos and asked to review them. I then had the bright idea of taking these tapes to work with me and reviewing them with my co-workers. You'll now have the pleasure of meeting the motley crew of reviewers chosen for this task. First we have Alain (AL), better known as the King of Metal, he's not so bright but we all like to think he's harmless. Next on the list of honoured reviewers is Pat (PD), who once had a 50 pound crane dropped on his head and claims no brain damage. We'll refer to him as Geek #1. Thirdly, we have Peter (PS) who emigrated from England just as the Punk movement started, 'cause he claims it was killing his mental equilibrium. He's a middle-of-the-road type guy. We'll refer to him as Geek #2. Well kids, here we go.

First up we have a cassette from a band called Leprocy hailing from Montreal. The music is fast, the sound wavers between Heavy Metal and Speedcore. Actually they seem to be caught in a loud void. The King of Metal says they have a nice name, but he wasn't impressed by the vocals, especially those high pitched backing vocals. However, like all metal heads, he commented on the fine guitar work. As for me, I think this tape belongs in metal pig heaven (or is that hell)? (AL) (ET)

P.O.Box 5164, Station B, Montreal, Quebec H3B 4B5.

Hey, it's Hardcore, it's Punk, yes it's Random Killing with a cassette entitled *Then Till Now*. It's a collection of songs from 1985 to 1988. There's some really great stuff here, from killer Hardcore tunes like *Terrorist Attack* to damaging Punk stuff like *Take Our Flag* and *Stealing Food*, complete with Pistols sounding vocals. Oh, and *It's Not Cool* is definitely a Rock'n'Roll classic. As Geek #1 put it, "It sounds like a guy with MS who was given a microphone". So you know it's good. The King of Metal, once again reacted like a Metal Pig—he noticed the nice guitar work. A definite must. (PD) (AL) (ET)

60 Castle Knock Rd., Toronto, Ont M5N 2J7.

I really like this next demo, it's by a band called *Shark Graffiti*. You have to like a band that can record a 14 song cassette in one morning. This is definite Punk stuff, with some truly inspiring songs. *Fairy God Monster* is ace! Heck it's got a beat you can pogo to. Like the liner notes say, Rock'n'Roll yer brain! And now for some fairly stupid comments, Geek #2 states, "At least they know how to play their instruments." The King of Metal says, "The music's not too bad, but the vocals have to go. They sound too forced.", this from a guy who likes AC/DC. (PS) (AL) (ET)

11 Valley Cr., Whitby, Ontario L1N 3H4.

I hate to admit this but I think Geek #2 said it best, "I like this, it has scope, it has depth, they should go on Star Search.". The band in question is *The Cause* with a three song demo. Everyone agreed that they should expand their lyrical content, among other things. In the song *You Turned Away*, "You turned away" is repeated at least twenty times. The Metal King would just like to add, "No balls!". It's typical alternative pop. (PS) (AL) (ET)

25 Louise Crescent, Chateauguay, Quebec J6J 4T9.

Heck, what can I say, *Lesson Of Vigilence* is solid speedcore with thoughtful lyrics. Pretty good if you're into that kinda thang. All they gotta do now is add more originality and you've got a contender in the competitive world of speedcoreness. The Metal King says, "It's not bad.". That's one of the more positive things he's said all night. (ET) (AL)

ASHIQ, 4852 Oka Cres. Pierrefonds, Que H9K 1H6.

This, the last band you'll hear us babble about, is *High Yellow*. This is a band that has begun making it's rounds in Montreal. The demo we listened to was recorded live at Foufounes, so the sound's lacking somewhat. Geek #2 says, "The music's kinda funky, it don't sound like all that other noise you've submitted me to all night." Yeah, well...it's powerful jazz/funk/rock/metal stuff with neat vocals. Actually, the sound's pretty hard to pin down and I suppose that's the band's intention. Geek #1 just stands holding his head. The King of Metal don't know what to say. I think it's different. (PS) (ET)

Address not available.

And now for Mr. Blake Cheetah's one measly review....

The Stand are a buncha garagelodites from Cornwall, Ontario, who acutally practice in a chicken coop, and have just released a six-song live demo with five originals, and a cover of the *Lyres On Fyre*. The first tune, *I'd Tell You*, is as good a song as I've heard lately, with Chris Page's throat-blistering vocals, and a Boston Strangler guitar figure that pistons the whole song. On the rest of the tape the band doesn't fare quite as well, although if you're into 60's garage stuff it'll probably make your nipples hard. But with the potential on the first tune, a gutting knife screamer which puts the band in an 80's garage with a souped-up hot rod engine, this tape could be a postcard for future rock greatness. (BC)

Four bucks postage paid: Chris Page, RR#1, Bainsville, Ontario, KOC 1E0.

And that's all. If you've got demos for review, please send them to RearGarde, P.O. Box 1421, Station H, Montreal, Quebec, H3G 2N4.

WHAT'S UP

Compiled by Phil Saunders and Lisa Ferguson

Saturday, April 1 ~
Albert's Hall: Cameo Blues Band.
Apocalypse: from Vancouver, *Oversoul 7* with *Go Four* and *Change of Heart*. A really happenin' thing to do April Fools' Day.

Bamboo: Adrian Miller. Reggae.
Cabana: Supreme Bagg Team with *Change of Seasons*.

Cameron: Matinee 4 - 7 p.m. every Saturday. Day price beer and never a cover with Johnny McLeod and/or Scott B. Evening: *Melwood Cutlery*.

El Mocambo: *Forgotten Rebels*.

Entex: *Tres Hombres*. Non-stop ZZ Top.

Horseshoe: *The Hopping Penguins*.

Ska-yah-mahn.

Lee's: Elliot Lefko presents: *Lucinda Williams*.

Marquee: *Tennessee Rockets*.

Rivoli: *UIC* with *The Wanmee* who, according to at least one publication, played a recent Dead Kennedy's reunion?? And *Suckerpunch*.

Siboney: *Surfin' Heurns* with *The Skydiggers*.

Slither: *I.D. Shrubs* with *Ernie's Coffee Shop*. A good night on the town.

Sneaky Dees: *Still Life*. Afro-rhythm.

Sunday, April 2
Clinton's: *Masa*.
Diamond: From the UK, *Fairground Attraction*.

Lee's: Every Sunday: Blues Jam 3-6 p.m., Rock Jam 7 - 11 p.m.

Sneaky Dees: Folk and blues jam from 2-6 p.m. with host *Jim Rider*, and from 7-11 p.m. electric blues jam hosted by *Lee Warren*. No cover.

Monday, April 3
Albert's Hall: From Austin, Texas, *Mel Brown and the Silent Partners*.

Bamboo: *Raphael Lima*. Brazilian.

Cabana: Jazz with *Richard Bannard*.

Jonnie Bakar & George Kollar.

Cameron: *Jack Voris* with *Jamie Bonk*.

El Mocambo: Fusion Jam. No cover, all invited.

Clinton's: *Nick Gothic Quartet*. One of Toronto's sax kings.

Horseshoe: *Mondo Combo* every Monday.

Lee's: *J.A. Connection* with *Thick as Thieves*.

Marque: From Germany, *Rumble on the Beach* with 1988 Music Express contest winners *Hut Museum*. YO!!!

Rivoli: Buddies in Bad Times Queer Culture presents Pink Mondays: *David Ramsden* with *Lee Fthropshire*, *Maggie Moore* and *Gina Stanink*.

Slither: William New presents: *Beau Green* aka *Hank*, *The Ground Variations*, *NBY*, *Paul Dakota* and *A Half Hour in Hell*.

Sneaky Dees: *Irok*. (*Bless you*—ed.)

Tuesday, April 4
Albert's Hall: See the 3rd.

Bamboo: *Raphael Lima*. Brazilian.

Brunswick House: CIUT \$2 Tuesday *The Garbagemen*. I've noted this is not a Cameron gig, eh boys?

Cabana: *Healthy Libido* with *Drowning Saharas*.

Cameron: *Myles Roberts Trio*.

Clinton's: *Suzanne Hoo Kong*.

East 85th: *Danny Brubeck* and the *Digital Dolphins*. Dave Brubeck's son who plays the drums in a hi-tech sort of way, I'm told.

El Mocambo: *Crazy Babies* with *Bronken Silence* and *Two Hands*.

Horseshoe: *Carlos Lopez Group* with *Earl Seymour*.

Lee's: *Brontocrushrock* who are, I'm told, "bitchin' rock 'n roll". With *Blibber and the Ratcrushers* and *The End*.

Marque: *The Dandelions* with *A.K.A. What?*

Rivoli: *Kids in the Hall*. Yuk yuk yuk.

Humour.

Sneaky Dees: *Laura Man and Machine*.

Wednesday, April 5
Albert's Hall: See the 3rd.

Apocalypse: Capitol recording artists *House of Freaks*.

Bamboo: *Love Among Savages*. With the Latin American/Andean music of *Nazka*.

Cameron: *The Garbagemen*.

Clinton's: *David Blamires*.

East 85th: See the 4th.

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My Trip To The Big Apple or So What If I Missed Nick Cave?

I hate planning ahead and making commitments. In late November I handed in my deposit for Carleton University's annual Film Studies trip to New York City. The trip was scheduled for Valentine's week 1989—February 13-18. I had no plans for that week so I figured what the hell. Last year's trip highlight was seeing Tackhead at the Ritz. It's New York so we figured there must be some big shows going on while we were there.

Nick Cave's tour dates were announced in January, just days after I paid the balance towards my trip. Fuck!! Cave hits Montreal on the 13th, the day I leave Toronto the day after. Quick, buy a Village Voice, maybe I can catch him while I'm in New York. Who am I trying to kid? He's going to play the Big Apple before he even hits Canada. As predicted, Cave plays the Ritz the Friday before I leave. Oh well.

One downer leads to another. Upon buying The Voice I find out I'm going to miss **That Petrol Emotion** the Saturday before, and **Big Dipper** the Saturday after my trip. As well, Public Enemy plays the Apollo Theatre the pre-NY Sunday. Then again I'd probably get knifed at the show anyways.

The final blow in my concert missing depression came at 10:30 am, Monday February 13th, halfway between Ottawa and Syracuse, NY. Some idiot gave me a New Yorker to look at. ARRRGH! (Insert your own expletive here.) In two hours Terry Gilliam and two other Monty Pythoners are giving a lecture at the Museum of Broadcasting in New York to kick off a week long retrospective of the British comedy group's work.

Around 10:00pm, after crying myself to sleep on the bus, we pulled into town. Here's what I did in New York, while not seeing



Nick Cave

Monday, March 13

Woody Allen tries to play clarinet every Monday night at Mike's Pub, an overpriced comedy/jazz club. It's a Film Studies trip. Woody Allen is a director. Therefore, checking him out, and paying a \$20 food and drink minimum, is the logical choice of evening entertainment.

My friend and I went in ahead of our group. The Maître D' had some sort of problem with our less than Hugo Boss overcoats and my scuffed ox-blood Docs and told us we needed reservations. We went outside, our group got in no problem. We didn't bother trying again and decided to check out **The Les Paul Trio** at Fat Tuesday's instead. Good thing, too. Most of our friends got scammed upwards of \$40 each in \$5 (Perrier) and \$8 (Beer) increments.

I'm not a big fan of jazz, but my friend Greg is. According to him the trio belted out some of the best jazz this side of the Les Paul Guitar. They also took requests. I didn't even bother asking for Rollins' *Gun in*

Mouth Blues. The only annoying part of the evening was the realisation that Les Paul is either racist, right up there with Skrewdriver, or he's gone senile. The majority of his between song banter concentrated on ribbing, then abusing a Japanese American in the audience. (Listen to MOD's *Imported Society*, then make up your own Honda, Sony and Yamaha jokes here).

Tuesday, March 14

Valentine's Day in N.Y.C.—the city of brotherly hate. Didn't notice much in the line of Valentine's celebrations other than the usual flower-floggers on street corners and the two anti-celebrations that we attended that evening.

The first was a Valentine's Day Smut Reading, in a studio/squat in the Lower East Side. I had called Mykle Board, Artless lead vocalist and Maximum Rock N Roll columnist, earlier in the day. I wanted to interview him for RearGarde and for my radio show. He suggested I drop by this pornography reading, which would feature him as well as representatives from Screw, Penthouse and other publications of ill-repute.



He assured me that Karen Finley's performance at the Pyramid Club, our primary activity for the evening, wouldn't start until midnight.

What the hell. We took a cab to Rivington St. and were dropped off 160 numbers away from our destination. 15 blocks of very seedy and shady New York streets later, and after missing the dark basement entrance with a red finger-painted "Smut Reading" sign on the door at least twice, we finally found it. We entered, talked to Mykle, and then made our way upstairs to the reading room.

The room was large, and bare, except for a large surrealist nude painting—a back-

drop for a podium—and auto parts (art?) strewn around the room. Chairs and benches were lined up in rows in front of the podium, a sick resemblance to the pews in a church. The religious symbolism continued as a hat was passed around and a three dollar donation was solicited.

A smut reading is not something I'd plan to attend more than once in my life. Not because it was offensive, but generally boring. It was basically porno-performance art. A guy from Screw read his story about shopping for an apartment and trying out potential roommates. A bald guy read a letter to his homosexual lover. Mykle read from one of his books that you can pick up for \$2 in Times Square. His excerpt told of a young groupie to the punk rock stars, Artless' Otto Kentrol, and a vegetarian with a carrot fetish. He also read a "fantasy fuck" type deal of his, which was published in Penthouse. His choice was Tammy Faye Baker. The publisher of *Wend Smut Comics* read a letter to a friend telling of his on-set sex while filming a porn movie. Jennifer Blowdryer, another *Maximum Rock n' Roll* columnist, and porn hack, read an interview *Adam* magazine did with her about being a punk girl. It flogged the "Punk" aspect to death and was pretty funny. Overall it was an interesting experience. Interview Board after the reading. Stay tuned to RearGarde for that.

Karen Finley was equally interesting and just as obscene. But she can get away with it commercially because she is a



performance artist. We caught the end of her opening act. Alien Comic, an overweight ruddy-faced guy who went through piles and piles of props, one for each joke. He was pretty funny, but in a groaning sort of way. He was also funny in a gross sort of way. At one point he dressed up as a human penis and squirted white liquid into the audience.

Finley was up next to do the performance art thing. If you saw her in *Mondo New York* don't bother seeing her again. To quote Public Enemy, don't believe the hype. She started out by giving lucky audience members sweaters, knapsacks, dish racks, etc., all red in color, fitting the Valentine's Day motif. Finley then disrobed, opened up a box of chocolates and spread them all over herself. The sprinkles on the cake were cinnamon hearts, which after being lobbed in the air, landed and stuck to her. Finley then spewed out anti-yuppy, anti-New York drivel with an aggressive and whiney tone of voice. "Why can't the veal calf walk" was a reflexive anti-vivisectionist spoken word piece which ended off the evening. Finley was interesting but annoying.

Wednesday, March 15

I didn't do anything that night. Wednesday is Acid-House night at the Pyramid. Actually it should be called ecstasy house. Demolition Boy and Infra Red headlined

a metal showcase at the Cat Club. We ended up wandering through Greenwich Village and up Broadway searching out cool grafitti.

Wednesday during the day however, I hit up as many record companies as I could to get stuff for CKCU-FM. Big thanks go out to Metal Blade, Roadracer, Mechanic, Hawker, 4AD, Beggars Banquet, Blast First, Noise, Warlock, Big Beat and anyone I've forgotten. Everybody was cool and I collected way over my \$100 bring-back-to-Canada limit.

Blast First, home of *Sonic/Ciccone Youth*, were the coolest. It literally is the home of the Youths. The Sonics were in Japan, but they left a big pile of equipment in the corner of Blast First. That's one to tell



my grandchildren about. I was in the same room as the instruments of annihilation.

Thursday March 16

Tonight the majority of my tripmates were at the Met checking out the opera. I chose to hangout at WNYU for their hardcore show, Spermicide, at KAOS-FM. Blue Clocks Green performance artists and disco gods were being interviewed on the previous show at KAOS. They were pretty cool. If you haven't heard it yet, try digging up their single "Hemingway", a tongue-in-cheek, pseudo-serious satire of the band that Morrissey used to front. Angst. Angst. Angst. They also have an LP coming out on Pre-Post-Da records real soon.

Other neat people who were hanging around WNYU included punk promoter Johnny Stiff, who provided some records, answered the phones and co-hosted the KAOS show: *Hogan's Heroes*, a New York straight-edge hardcore band, were up to play live on the show. Well, at least two band members were. They did an interview instead. The AWOL members didn't show up.

After the radio show we headed over to the Pyramid Club to see Rochester, NY's Strip Miners, NYC's Flower, and a band, probably from the U.K., The Dust Devils.

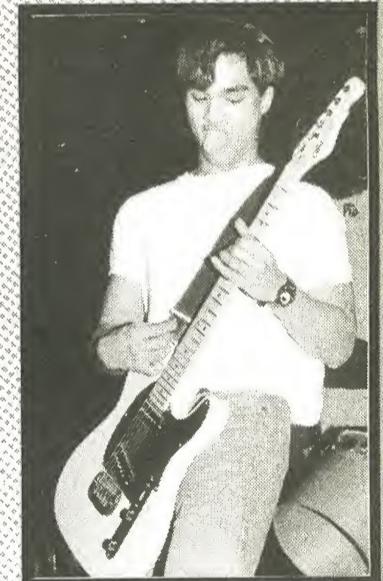
PHOTOS: Karen Finley & Alien Comic, Jennifer Blowdryer, Which Way is Up?, Dust Devils, NYC Lives!, and Flower. All by Shawn Scallen

We missed the first band, but caught the last two. Flower are a noise/hardcore foursome with members from Chicago, Detroit and Boston, who ended up in New York to go to school. They belted out a very loud and intense hour-long set. The Dust Devils on the other hand had a Jesus and Mary Chain attitude. They only played six tracks for a grand total of 25 minutes. They sounded like Sonic Youth with British accents, when their voices could be extrapolated from the shitty sound mix. But they looked good, and artsy (with slides being projected over them and all) and that's all that matters.

After the show, while wandering through the Village, I spotted some great anti-Sonics graffiti: "Thurston Moore Sucks Cock". I'll have to send a photo to Blast First for their next album cover.

Friday, March 17

Butthole Surfers, Youth of Today, Mihumen, Rollins Band all on CD. Five hours and 200 plus dollars later, I've satisfied my digital desires. Later that night we checked



out the Leafs vs. Rangers game at the Gardens. We showed up late, right after the first period, and bought two \$30 tickets in different sections for \$45 from scalpers.

My ticket was the second row behind the penalty box. My friend's ticket was somewhere else. Luckily the nice usher let us sit together. The Leafs kicked NY's ass, 10-6, and we almost got killed cheering for the Leafs in the process. It was great seeing Guy Lafleur in action, and an arena full of New Yawkers yelling "Guy... Guy... Guy... Kor-dic punched the shit out of some poor Ranger. Unfortunately it wasn't Guy."

After the game we cabbed it over to NYU to see The Feelies. We got there just after their set ended. A momentary downer. Until they took the stage again, and again, and again. Five encores consisting of a Velvet Underground song, a Beatles cover, and a cover of Jonathan Richman's *Roadrunner*, and seven songs later, the poguing audience was more than burned out. It seems almost worth paying Lou Reed ticket prices to see the Feelies on his current tour.

To end off with the cliché of clichés, New York City, a nice place to see shows, a cheap place to buy records, but I wouldn't want to live there.

Shawn Scallen

**2071 Ste-Catherine W.
934-0484**



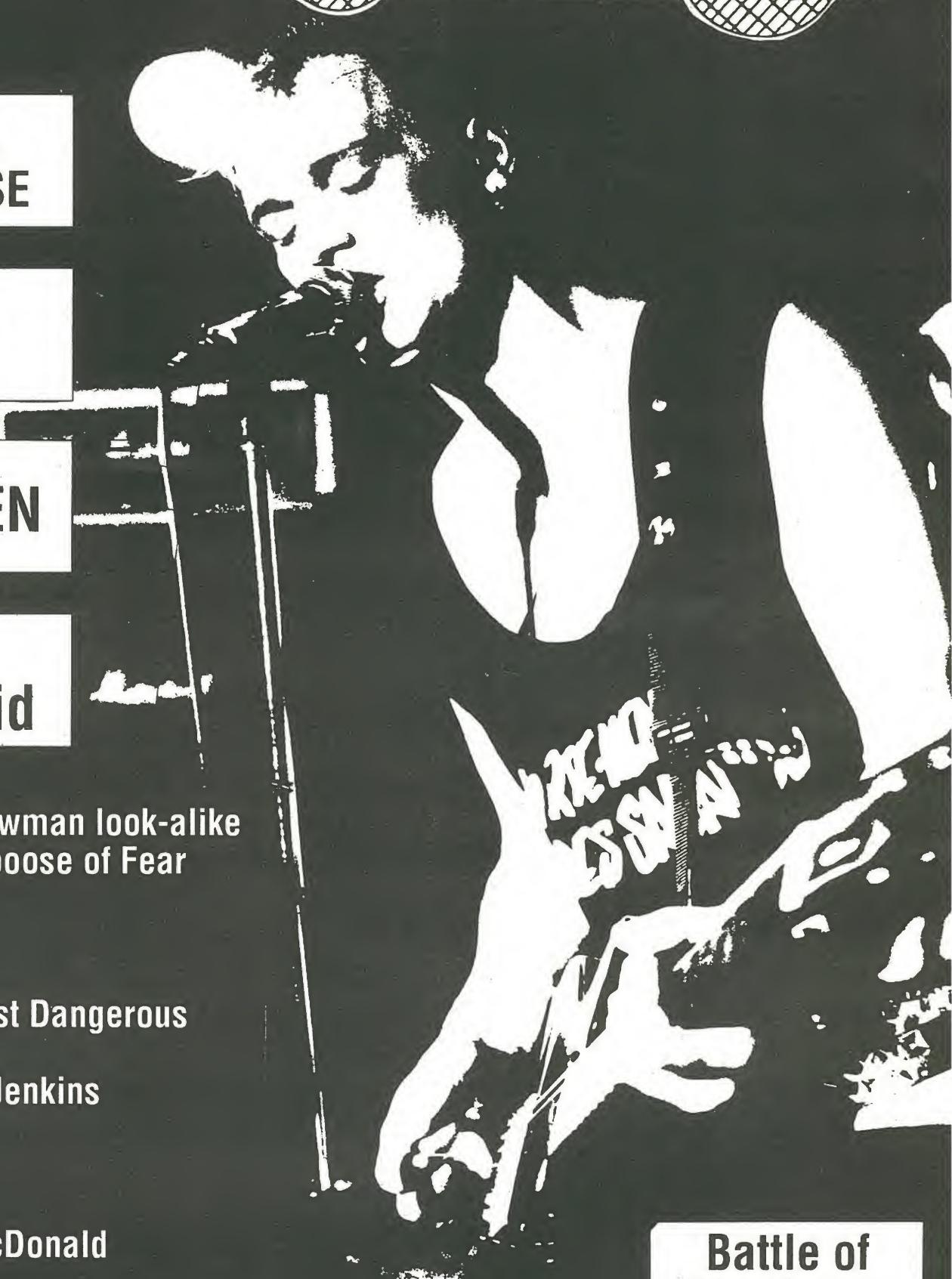
April 4
FACT with Stuart Mackenzie
& THE CAUSE

April 14
THE ORPHANS
last show for a while

April 17
OVERSOUL SEVEN
from Toronto

April 29
Saturday Nite Comedy with
Hungry and Stupid

1. Dream Sadly & Alfred E. Newman look-alike
2. Lonesome Canadians & Caboose of Fear
3. Exhibit A
5. Billy Shakespeare
6. The Hush & The Drones
7. Rick Ruthless and the Almost Dangerous
8. Jump In The Pool
9. Push Me Pull You & Jimbo Jenkins
10. Roy McCool
11. Wolfgang
12. Those Guys
13. Jam Session with Rob MacDonald
15. The Press
16. Medicine Men
18. Dead or Canadian
19. YCK Inc.
20. The Promise & Amen
21. Einstein
22. Scat Man Go
23. The Minstrels
24. Smokin' Gin
25. Raw Hex
26. The Stratejackets & Idées Noires
27. Jam Session with Rob MacDonald
28. Mistreated
30. High Yellow



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Café Campus: 3315 Queen Mary, 735-1259

Club Soda: 5240 Park, 270-7848

Concordia University: 1455 de Maisonneuve.

Foufounes Électriques: 97 Ste Catherine St. E., 845-

5484

Grand Café: 1720 St. Denis, 849-6955

Montreal Forum: 2313 Ste. Catherine W., 932-2582

Peel Pub: 1106 de Maisonneuve W., 845-9002

Rising Sun: 286 Ste Catherine St. W., 861-0657

SAS: 382 Mayor

Spectrum: 318 Ste. Catherine St. W., 861-5851

Station 10: 2071 Ste. Catherine St. W., 934-0484

Theatre St. Denis: 1594 St. Denis, 849-4211

Thunderdome: 1252 Stanley, 397-1628

Tycoon: 96 Sherbrooke St. W.

MONTRÉAL

Foufounes, What next—Purple at Station Ten, maybe a light shade of green at Cafe Campus....okay I'll shut up.

Station Ten: Green Mondays, with *Exhibit A*.

Tuesday, April 4th

Rising Sun: *Sir Monty and the Mango* stars. Out to steal your hearts and sell you some beers.

Station Ten: *The Fact and The Cause*. Two bands I haven't seen and probably never will only because they never push themselves that much.

Wednesday, April 5th

Cafe Campus: *Blue Oil*. Free show by those *I Blow You...* girls. Sorta like the Flirts but with less of a bounce. In the video for the aforementioned song these seem a little uptight. Maybe they should take some video lessons before the next video shoot. I wonder if live they are just as uptight.

Rising Sun: *Rappers Competition* with rappers galore. Watch them fold and tape and tuck in and....

Foufounes: *Captain Crunch and Let's Do Lunch*. Is this a record release? I assume so since they have just released a record on OG records. Haven't heard but there should be a review in next issue.

Station Ten: *Billy Shakespeare*,

seen them recently, here's your chance. Sir Monty is of course around every week.

Spectrum: *Tanika Tikaram*. Great album by this soon to be mega-star. Sounds a lot like the Ripcordz on valium.

Foufounes: I'm going to miss this one. Metal showcase calling it 666 or something like that. A bunch of Metal bands vie to see who can be the loudest. I read in an interview with Guns and Roses that they expect to die in an LA-wide Heavy Metal AIDS epidemic.

Station Ten: *The Hush and the Drones*. One band I saw a long time ago and one band that sounds like a Deep Purple clone band. God I hate clone bands.

Tycoon: *Vaudeville* and *Corpusse*. Who is this Corpusse anyways? At least he's off the streets. On *Brave New Waves* tonight they're going to air a session with the *Hodads*.

Friday, April 7th

Amherst Tavern: First night of *Swillfest '89* with *Satan's Landlord*, *the American Devices*, *Guilt Parade* and *Joe 90*.

SAS: *Bliss and High Yellow* invade this joint and attempt to bring some sanity to these Hardcore fans.

American Rock Café: *Dillenger*. One of the ten most wanted bands

Let's Do Lunch with *Cinema V*. Definite NDG music. Next show they should play *MAZ*.

Saturday, April 8th

Amherst Tavern: Core Comics present *Swillfest '89*. With *Killer Dump*, *Lizard*, *Guilt Parade* and the *Love Ambulance*.

American Rock Café: Definitely some dumb cover band.

Rising Sun: *Imperial Force*.

Spectrum: *Midge Ure*. Do They Know it was a Benefit Song For Christmas? Wasn't this guy once in Ultravox? He still has a silly name. The Eighth longest word in the English language is *Honorificabilitatibus* which means "with Honourableness", a Shakespearean word.

Station Ten: *Jump In The Pool*, with their guitars plugged in.

Tycoon: *Cinema V*, see them before they close down.

Outremont Theatre: The *Violent Femmes* return to town. Expensive ticket but could prove to be entertaining.

SAS: *Joyce Sims* and *Jamada* from New York. Dance music all the way.

Sunday, April 9th

American Rock Café: *The Minstrels*, not a wonderin'.

Cafe Campus: *The Go Betweens* and *Ahouse* from Ireland. Apparently the Go Betweens are Rock Gods from down under so that must mean they're good. Ahouse, whoknows, probably Acid House.

Rising Sun: *Reggae Jamdown*.

Foufounes: *The Legendary Pink Dots*, I've heard the name but can't place the dots or face or music or... okay I'll shut up.

Station Ten: *Push Me, Pull You* and *Jimbo Jenkins*. Two bands, neither of which I've heard.

Tonight on *Brave New Waves* they're going to do a session with the *Hodads*.

Monday, April 10th

Rising Sun: *Blue Monday Jam* session with the *Freeway Blues Band*.

Spectrum: *Rock En Vol*.

Foufounes: You guessed it, *Black Monday*. What is it with this naming of Mondays as if we don't have enough troubles in this world.

By the way the seventh longest word in the English language is *Antidisestablishmentarianism*, which means opposition to the State ending recognition of the



Das Damen play Foufounes on the 14th.

Station Ten: *Wolfgang* with special guests like Ludwig, Johann and Frederic. Ten points to anybody that can name all of their last names. (Aren't they the Hudson Brothers?—ed.)

Wednesday, April 12th

Cafe Campus: *Pig Farm* and *Portable Ethnic Taxi*. PET seems to have a lock on the area for shows. Pig Farm doesn't.

Forum: *Metallica*. I wonder if the guys from *Alcohollica* will be there. We're going to have Zamfir interview them.

Rising Sun: More of that *Rap competition*.

Foufounes: *Mesozoic*... huh?

Station Ten: *Those Guys*. What guys?

Thursday, April 13th

American Rock Café: *Broken Smile*, well fix it.

At this time, I've decided to take a break from the listings and explain some things. Sorry about the lack of disclaimer last issue but that's not my fault, the editor does that one. You have no doubt been wondering the Peel Pub and the Club Soda are not in these listings. As for the Club Soda, we all pretty much know that story so there's no sense getting into it again. The Peel Pub meanwhile would only give us the listings if we called some guy in Toronto to get them—oh yeah and next month we'll fly to New York to pick them up. Thanks but no thanks. Now on with the listings.

Rising Sun: *Sir Monty and Mango Star*.

Foufounes: *Nelson Richards* or something like that, I can't read the hand writing.

Station Ten: *Jam session* with *Rob Macdonald*.

Tycoon: *Forest Fires*, led by *Smokey* no doubt.

Theatre St. Denis: From here on in it's *Andre Phillippe Gagnon* so enjoy.

Stay home and listen to *Brave New Waves* where you can hear a session they did with *Change of Heart*.

Friday, April 14th

American Rock Café: *Broken Smile* again. The sixth longest word in the English language is *floccinaucinihilipilification* which is the estimation that something is worthless, sort of like other magazines' listings.

Forum: *REM*. Stand in line to buy tickets for this one. Apparently the guitarist of this band said that once they start playing arenas they will break up soon after, we'll see.

Rising Sun: *JR Express*. Probably Montreal's oldest Reggae band.

American Rock Café: *Broken Smile*.

Foufounes: *Das Damen* and *Pig Farm*, more American noise.

Station Ten: *The Orphans*, their last show in a while, awwww.

Tycoon: *Mirror Image*, come on bands out there, how about "Rear-Garde Image."

Saturday, April 15th

Rising Sun: *Roots Roundup* from Vancouver. Good demo tapes from this band. Interesting stuff.

American Rock Café: *Broken Smile*.

Foufounes: *Das Damen* and *Pig Farm*, more American noise.

Station Ten: *The Orphans*, their last show in a while, awwww.

Tycoon: *Mirror Image*, come on bands out there, how about "Rear-Garde Image."

Sunday, April 16th

Rising Sun: *Reggae Jamdown* with *Mango*.

American Rock Café: *Big Green Shelter* with *Dave Arden*, ex of the *Hodads* and *Jimmy Spencer* (I think his name is) ex of the Sons of the Desert. I assume there are other people in the band but I learned from Jenny Ross' column that those two were in it.

Cafe Campus: Comedy with *Performance Artist Chatouille*.

Station Ten: *The Medicine Men*.

Tycoon: *The Burnouts*, sounds like most of the bands in Montreal.

Monday, April 17th

Rising Sun: *Blue Monday Jam* stuff.

The fifth longest word in the English language we all know, it is

Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious from *Mary Poppins*, it means jolly good. (My, you are being pre-cious this issue—ed.)

Spectrum: *Rock En Vol*, so hurry up.

Station Ten: *Oversoul Seven* from Toronto, come check them out.

Tuesday, April 18th

Rising Sun: *Sir Monty and Mango*.

Station Ten: Dead or Canadians or something like that. Find out for yourself.

Wednesday, April 19th

Cafe Campus: *Chinese Backwards*. I won't say anything. I can't, I shouldn't, I don't want to get sued but I even bet they haven't ripped off any clubs.

Rising Sun: *Rappers competition*.

Spectrum: *Koko Taylor* and *Ellen McIlwane*.

Station Ten: *WCK Inc.* You figure out what it means.

Thursday, April 20th

American Rock Café: *Double Take*.

Rising Sun: *Sir Monty and Smokin' Joe*.

Station Ten: *The Promise* and some guest. You figure out who.

Tycoon: *Pete Pneumonia* and his band. WOW.

Tonight on *Brave New Waves* you can catch a remixed version of the *Rheostatics* session they did.

Friday, April 21st

American Rock Café: *Double Take*. Not much to say here.

Rising Sun: *Benta*. Outta shapea.

Spectrum: Reggae with *Third World* and *The Wailers*, probably two of the biggest Reggae bands ever.

Station Ten: *Einstein*. Takes brains to name your band this.

Tycoon: *The Crazy Rhythm Daddies*, no doubt a relative of *Ray Condo*. The fourth longest word in the English language is *Pneumoultramicroscopicsilicovolcanoconiosis*, which is a chronic lung disease.

Saturday, April 22nd

American Rock Café: *Double Take*.

Rising Sun: *Roots Movement* and *Jahlin*.

Foufounes: *Kliche*. I've heard that one before.

Station Ten: *Scat Mango*. Wait a minute is this the same Mango as...

Tycoon: *Crazy Rhythm Daddies* and the *Janissaires*.

Sunday, April 23rd

American Rock Café: *Kill The King*.

A band named in honour of Ch... no doubt.

Tycoon: *Reggae Jamdown*

Station Ten: *The Minstrels*. The third longest word in the English language is

Ossenkoppinkoekinkomvudly, which is an invention of Thomas Love Peacock's relating to various parts of the body.

By the way, another live session is in *Brave New Waves*, tonight it's *Grapes of Wrath*.

Monday, April 24th

Rising Sun: *Blue Monday Jam session*.

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